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CATHOLICITY AND SCIENCE.

SCIENCE has nowhere flourished more, or originated more sublime or useful discoveries, than where it has been pursued under the influence of the Catholic religion. Considering how this proposition may be proved and illustrated, our mind naturally turns towards that bright and fair country of Italy, in which the influence of the Catholic Church has been the most uninterrupted and the most unthwarted; and we turn towards it for another reason, because, having in the treatment of our subject to revive reminiscences, the mind travels back over many years, to that bright, fair, and sacred period of youth, spent beneath the shadows of the Vatican, when we received an education which was limited, as to the depth and extent of science, by the deficiency of our own intellect, and not by any restriction imposed by the Church, or the imperfection or want of deep and varied knowledge

in our teachers. Then we go to Italy to prove and illustrate our theme. We know that were we to tell you that Italy has been the nursery of arts, that she has filled her own churches and halls and palaces with magnificent productions of the chisel and the pencil, until her riches have overflowed and gone to fill the collections of every other part of the world; or to tell you that Italy was the happy country of Dante and Petrarch, Raphael and Angelo, and others "*maestri e capi di color chi sanno*," it might be said: "*You repeat only what we all know. We know that Italy is the country of art, and of deepest learning; but science belongs to the people of Northern climes, to the cultivators of modern sixteenth century civilization—especially in the vast region of Saxondom—to those who have produced Newton, Watt, Davy, &c., &c. What has Italy to do with scientific*

research and discovery?" We are sure we can give a satisfactory answer.

Invention or discovery may be considered in two distinct ways. A phenomenon has been before the eyes of mankind perhaps for hundreds of years, but it has passed completely unobserved. At length there comes a happy genius, who seizes upon it, finds in it a truth and a principle, and thus gives to the world the germ of a most important discovery. That man is entitled to be considered the inventor or discoverer, even though afterwards that, which he has given in an imperfect form, may grow up something great and mighty in the hands of a second genius, who may likewise put in his claim to the title of inventor, by uniting together and combining in harmonious observation, phenomena, laws, and demonstrations, which have been, like disjointed members, for the first time brought and fitted together, and afterwards endowed with motion and life. In both these aspects we claim for Catholic Italy the glory of having given to the world many of the greatest and most important scientific truths. We will illustrate this by a few partial examples, which, at the same time, may show the existence in Italy of that peculiar genius which is the first to seize upon a phenomena or a truth. In a museum or collection of antiquities we frequently find ancient Etruscan or Grecian mirrors made anterior by many years to the time of the foundation of Rome, upon the back of which almost invariably are some scenes from ancient mythology on copper-plate, such

as are now used for producing engravings. By filling the lines with ink or black composition, and applying paper, a representation of these ancient pictures was obtained in a moment. It was not until the year 1450, when Tommaso Finiguerra first discovered this new way of giving beauty to engravings on copper, that the world had the benefit of this art. But it was afterwards carried out to full perfection by the ingenious Marc Antonio, who by that means preserved some of the most beautiful works of Raphael. Now, here is an example, how, for two thousand years and more, there had been an object produced capable of being made a means of service for a most admirable purpose. The inventor of the mode of taking off those impressions deserved to be considered a genius, although a thousand years before plates had been engraved for his purpose. The man who first made a lamp, and hung it from the roof of his cottage, saw that some time after it was hung it would oscillate until at length it rested at its perpendicular. No doubt that had been seen by Archimedes and other accurate observers, but it remained for Galileo to investigate the law which produced that result. He saw first that this motion would serve as a measure of time, and it pointed to the distant discovery of the law of gravitation. At the Leaning Tower of Pisa he pursued a series of experiments on bodies falling through the air, and, by studying the laws of attraction and momentum, he at length discovered the great law of gravitation of bodies towards the earth. By means of the pendulum

there had arisen the discovery of the density of the earth, and those extraordinary phenomena connected with its physics. Thus in Italy this great discovery was made by Galileo, and his disciples, by continued experiments, brought it into still further perfection. Another instance we find in the discovery of the barometer, a most important instrument in physics. It happened that Galileo, being at Florence, heard of the inability of certain workmen employed by the Grand Duke to raise water from the depth of twenty-four feet, by means of a pump, contrary to the received axiom that nature abhorred a vacuum, and he proceeded to investigate the matter. He discovered that the raising of water was dependent on the pressure of the atmosphere, and not on the fanciful theory of a natural vacuum. Galileo then induced Toricelli to visit Florence, when the latter, in some experiments with mercury in a glass tube, discovered the mode of producing a vacuum; a discovery which resulted in the invention of the barometer, an instrument of great value and service in a variety of delicate philosophical operations. Side by side with the barometer we see a small instrument, found useful in many different ways—that is the thermometer, also an Italian invention, probably of the year 1597. The gardener could not grow his grapes without it; its aid is required to prepare the bath; it is consulted to ascertain the state of the atmosphere, whether it is freezing, or too hot for active exertion;—an instrument, in fact, which we trust more than our own feelings. In 1603,

Galileo exhibited the thermometer to his disciple Castelli, and explained the uses to which it could be applied. The first thermometer was very imperfect, and could not be used for an accurate measurement of heat; but a description of a completed instrument was written by a Roman Italian in 1611. To the same fertile land of genius we owe another invention of the utmost value. From time to time in the heavens there appear, what to man are new bodies, which have existed from the first hour of creation. There have been during all times, wandering through space, planets which the naked eye has never seized, and stars which former aids to vision failed to recognize as denizens of the celestial atmosphere. And yet these raised their voices in that concert of the spheres which is ever going on, proclaiming the wonderful works of God, and making known His glory. Planets and stars had been revolving silently in their appointed orbits, age after age, unobserved and unmarked, until they became subjects for important discoveries. Why were they not made known to the first resident in Paradise? Why not to the first inspired teachers of the nations? Because the time was not come when that new knowledge was fitted for man; the day had not arrived when it pleased the Creator to place within our reach the instrument to unfold the glories of the heavens. The instrument is the telescope, given to us by Italy. There is little doubt that something like the telescope existed, when Galileo announced his discovery. Whoever produced the first imperfect telescope, could

not have done even that, without a previous invention of great importance to mankind generally, and of the first necessity to many of our friends who, but for the invention of spectacles, would have been deprived during a great portion of life of the power of contemplating the glorious works of God. For 1200 years after our Divine Redeemer those who were afflicted with an imperfect vision were unable to receive from science any aid whatever. The discoverer of that wonderful and incalculably useful invention was not a philosopher, but a banker, Savino Degli Armati, who died in 1317. The discovery was attributed to a native of Pisa who lived subsequently to Armati, and for two hundred years Pisa retained the honor of the invention. After the lapse of that period the tomb of Savino Armati was discovered, bearing upon it the description of his invention of the glass lens, and so accurate was the account given of spectacles, no doubt could exist that to him belonged the honor.

Italy then claimed the invention, to which we owe artificial improvement of sight, and all those valuable appliances of science known by the title of optical instruments. After that discovery it seemed astonishing that some one did not hit upon the possibility of putting two or more glass lenses together, so as to produce a greater increase of sight, and the merit of that discovery, when it was made, was claimed by Holland and Germany. There is no doubt that a telescope, but with only one lens, was produced in Germany. Galileo was in Venice when he heard of it, and

though he had not received a description of the invention, he immediately began to think upon the subject; he spent a sleepless night, and the result of his vigils was the first perfect telescope, by the aid of which, the satellites of Jupiter were discovered. From the telescope we naturally turn to the microscope, which according to Pio, the biographer of Torricelli, was invented by that philosopher. In 1612, Galileo made a present of a microscope to the King of Poland, and in the same year an Italian writer (Boccalini) spoke of the extraordinary glass, by which a flea was made to look like an elephant, and a pigmy as large as a giant. To the school of Padua, so eminent for its physiological studies, we trace the discovery of the circulation of the blood. Harvey was undoubtedly entitled to the honor of perfecting this great discovery. Vesalius and Bialdus Columbus published a work in 1560, on the circulation of the blood in the lungs. Vesalius's successor, Fabricius, of Aquapendente, extended the discovery by proving the existence of valves in the veins, and the circulation of blood to the heart; and it was left to Harvey, a pupil of Fabricius, to complete the matter, by establishing the arterial circulation from the heart. The next subject of physiology which we have to notice, brings to mind another discovery in the sciences, which must strike every person contemplating the progress of the age, as being one of the most wonderful, one of the most beautiful of those inventions, which we do not hesitate to ascribe specially to the merciful dispensations of Providence. There

is nothing in modern scientific development that approaches so near to the perfection of the nervous system as the electric telegraph. It may seem to some a strange idea, but we have been led to trace a similarity between the nerves of sensation and volition in man, and the electric current in our telegraphs. Consider the construction of the human body, and when that which is painful or pleasant affects the most distant part of our frame, ask where is that pleasure or that pain felt? A sensation is conveyed in an instant to the seat of sensibility and intellect. It is carried there with a rapidity not to be measured by the smallest division of time; it is carried along without intermediate sensation. It may convey a message of excruciating torture, and yet that which vibrates throughout the system with the feeling of pain itself, gives out no sense of pain, whilst travelling to its destination. It carries forward without apparent effort, and without flagging, or missing its way, the intelligence committed to it in the extremity of the body, and deposits it in that exact spot where it is to be received. And when we see those electric wires, which sweep from city to city; from the country to the capital; from the seat of art to the seat of learning; from the hive of industry to the palatial edifice, interlaced in every way, crossing and recrossing city and town, village and hamlet, mountain and valley; when we gaze upon them without perceiving the slightest tremor or emotion, we know that those nerves of sensation are conveying rapidly from end to end the most important messages of pain or

pleasure, of gratification or sorrow; with inconceivable activity, bearing the thoughts, the discoveries, the hopes and the fears of many upon metallic wings. Those are the nerves of sensation and volition which give new life and spirit to the world; bearing messages from point to point, and traversing many a path unknown before to the peaceful brotherhood of civilization; disturbing nothing in their progress; conveying no sense of pain in their course, but bringing into close friendship many a long-discordant element. Does an enemy attack the extremity of the land? the nerve of sensation, ever watchful, ever ready, outstrips the wings of the wind in conveying the notice to the sensorium in the metropolis! Is the enemy invisible? Does he take shelter under darkness of the night? Darkness will not cover him! The metal nerves are there: the first step has excited those nerves: the message is despatched,—the head of the state knows all! The valuable discovery about division of the nerves of the human body into those of *sensation* and *volition*, was claimed by Italy conjointly with England. No one can impugn the merit of Sir Charles Bell; but there is no doubt that he was preceded in the discovery by Dr. Bellingeri, of Turin. Whilst we do not wish to claim for Italy the invention of the electric telegraph, it cannot be forgotten that to the discoveries of Galvani, and at a later period of Volta, we owe the origin of that most important and extraordinary mode of communication, and the application of electricity to arts and science. We have next to direct attention to hydronamics.

The whole of this science, beginning with the first flow of fluids, the making of rivers and canals, has been entirely brought from Italy; and there is nothing in practical physics of greater importance or utility. The first principle of hydraulics and hydrostatics was discovered by Galileo, Torricelli, Viviani, and Castelli, by examination into the passage of water through various openings. The application of these principles on a grand scale, seemed to be allotted to Italy almost by nature. Not only are there many rapid rivers in Italy, but in consequence of the quantity of sand accumulating in their beds, great attention had to be paid to their embankments; or means taken for altering their course, and diverting a portion of their currents. It was the inventive genius of that country which produced the science of engineering for canals. Before the days of railways nothing was of more importance than the construction of canals. Little is now thought of the lock of a canal, and yet it is the most splendid invention in the science of locomotion. Alberti, an Italian architect, in 1452, first described them as being constructed with two gates, and an intermediate space, as they are now seen in this country. The first canal constructed with locks was at Milan, in the 13th or 14th century; but a still more interesting fact is that the first canal constructed with a series of locks, was the Naviglio Grande, from Ticino to Milan, the design of Leonardo da Vinci, who was quite as great an engineer as he was a painter. Along with other discoveries due to him, was

that also of capillary attraction. Here then is a whole department of science carried out by Italy for two hundred years, and the works of a series of Italians upon the subject form a body of science. We are indebted largely to Italy for many important discoveries in that beautiful science of astronomy, which takes man from earth to heaven, giving him wings to move beyond the sphere of his corporeal existence to the great planetary world; rising higher, to find his delights amidst the glories of the firmament, and a pastime on azure fields blossoming with stars. In connection with this matter, we are reminded that in the important regulation of time we are indebted to Italy. Pope Gregory XIII made the improvement known as the Gregorian Calendar, by which there will only be one day lost during six thousand years, after which a similar loss will not take place for one hundred and forty-four thousand years. The splendid science of astronomy gives a brilliancy to the names of Galileo, Castelli, Boscovich (one of the most extraordinary geniuses of the last century), and Piazzzi, whose map of the stars is one of the most valuable productions of science. Since 1831, immense progress has been made in astronomy, and during this period the name of Father Debeico is most prominent. He was a man of the highest genius and most indomitable perseverance, and his premature death in November, 1848, was a serious loss to science. One of the greatest astronomers of any age is now living in Turin, namely, Plana, whose three enormous quartos on the value of the moon, are

considered to have exhausted the subject. It is enough to name Padre Secchi. Thus we have Italian proficiency in astronomy brought down to our own day.

In Venice, newspapers were first issued. In Italy the first observatory was established. There in the garden of Cardinal Bandini, the spots upon the sun were first shown. There Grimaldi discovered the diffraction of light, and Florentine Academicians showed that dark heat may be reflected by mirrors across space. In Italy the musical scale, or gamut, the very alphabet of the greatest refinement of modern life, was invented by Guido d'Arezzo, who wrested this secret from the realms of sound, and was the first to found a school of music. There Stancari counted the number of vibrations of a string emitting musical notes. The first philosophical societies were Italian. Botany is indebted for many improvements to Frederico Cesi, upon whose discoveries the Linnæan system is based. The first botanical garden was established at Pisa; and the first classification of plants was given by Casalpina. The first geological museum was founded at Verona.

We are sure that our proposition is well supported when we see Italy, where the Catholic Church had the greatest influence, doing well its duty towards science, and contributing as much as any country to great and important, sublime and practical discoveries and inventions.

It appears to us possible that in the minds of some of our readers there is lurking a difficulty, and that some person might be inclined

to say: "*You have spoken of Galileo, and of his merits in science, but you have not said a word about his persecution, or the objections that have been made from that great man's history against the fostering care of the Church for science.*"

We cannot now enter into a discussion of the details of the case, nor is it requisite to do so, whereas the subject has been exhausted, with a triumphant vindication, and a verdict in honor of the Church. One of the greatest scholars of this or any age, whose death has been deplored within a few years, Dr. Whewell, in his "*History of the Inductive Sciences*," puts the charge aside, and says: "*The only question is, What right has the Church to interfere at all in a philosophical question on the matter of science;*" but as to persecution and harsh treatment, he gives it up as a mere invention. It appears to us that it would be well to bring more prominently forward than is customary, another contemporaneous event of a similar kind: one which entitles us to reply to every taunt cast at us on account of Galileo, that, even granting his ecclesiastical judges condemned him in the manner popularly supposed, they at least did not do so without first having the example set them by a Protestant tribunal, not unlike their own, and under circumstances just the same. We allude to the condemnation of the celebrated astronomer Kepler, by the theological Faculty of Tübingen, in 1596, for affirming the identical scientific truth which thirty-seven years later got Galileo into trouble. The great majority of Protestants are, without doubt, ignorant of his interest-

ing case, which I think a very fair set off to their favorite story about Galiléo. John Kepler, born in Würtemberg in 1571, reflected no less lustre on Protestant Germany, than Galileo on Catholic Italy. It was Kepler who, by his great discovery of the elliptical form of the planetary orbits, was led to establish those laws in astronomy known by his name, which first settled the truth of the Copernican system on an immovable basis, purifying it from the erroneous hypothesis of the circular orbits. When he wrote his celebrated work, in which he undertook argumentatively to demonstrate the truth of the Copernican system, he had to lay it before the Academical Senate of Tübingen for their approbation, without which, in the regular course of things, it could not be printed. The unanimous decision of the divines composing the Senate was, that "*Kepler's book contained a damnable heresy, because it contradicted the teaching of the Bible in that passage where Joshua commands the sun to stand still.*" To this Kepler replied: "*That, as the Bible addressed itself to mankind in general, it spoke of things in the life of men as men in general are accustomed to speak of them; that the Bible was in no respect a manual of optics or astronomy, but had much higher objects in view; that it was a blamable abuse to seek in it for answers to worldly things; that Joshua had wished to have the day prolonged, and God had responded to his wish; how this had happened was not a subject for inquiry.*" Such an answer as this might at least have been expected to make an impression on a body

of theologians, the very pillar and ground of whose religious creed was the right of every one to explain the Bible for himself. So far from this, they repeated their condemnation with more acerbity than before, and had not the Duke of Würtemberg, who was personally attached to Kepler, interposed in his behalf, he would inevitably have been subjected to a persecution far more rigorous than anything Galileo had to undergo. As it was, the vexations with which his clerical opponents contrived to embitter his existence on account of his opinions, in spite of the Duke's protection, were such as occasioned him to write in despair to his friend Martin: "*That he held it for the best to imitate the disciples of Pythagoras, and keep silence on the discoveries he had made, lest like Apian, he should lose his situation, and be doomed to die of hunger.*" The upshot was, that he quitted Würtemberg, and fled for refuge—whither?—to the Jesuits of Gratz and Ingoldstadt, who honored his great talents, and received him with open arms, because of the services he had rendered to science. Eventually on the death of Tycho Brahe he received the appointment of Court Astronomer to the Emperor Rudolph II (Breitschwert).

When we reflect on the discussions so frequently occurring regarding the comparative distinction of races and nations in arts and science and general civilization, we must say that nothing is more dangerous to real prosperity, nothing more dangerous to moral integrity, nothing is more dangerous to our social interests, than that system of pride and supercili-

ousness of spirit which is so characteristic of all who pretend to the mythical Anglo-Saxon pre-eminence. The people in England and this country are generally addressed with a flattering tongue, and almost a fawning attempt to make them exalt themselves above all other races. I think humility is a social and national virtue quite as much as it is proper for the individual. The people are spoken of as wonders of creation on account of a presumed progress in science. Some discoveries are cited as things which elevate them in the scale of existence far above the poor grovelling inhabitants of other lands; and if the very name of Italy or Spain is mentioned in connection with anything great or scientific, it produces a sneer, or an ironical cheer. We can safely say that always and everywhere true genius is ever modest, real superiority is always generous, and solid science is always just. We should make ourselves acquainted with what others have done, that we may give them due measure of praise, and keep ourselves in useful and wholesome rivalry—not assuming superiority, but aiming at it; and in this way we shall keep moral progress advancing hand in hand with scientific pursuits. We can respect what others have done without detracting from what we ourselves possess,

and at the same time that we are thankful for our own benefits, we may consider the distribution of gifts as light coming from above, as a possession not given to raise one nation above another in the pride of intellectual pre-eminence. Even when a nation is distinctly elevated by science, there may be good reason to say that it cannot cope with one country in arts, with another in literature, in excellence of character, and moral integrity. In this way there is seen that beautiful balance of compensation kept up in the world. Providence gives to one man peculiar and rare sources of social enjoyment, to another great industry; some have a climate producing fruits without labor, others have indefatigable energy for the cultivation of nature; some enjoy long days of cloudless sunshine, whilst others are well satisfied with the power of endurance through dreary winter, and the indomitable spirit that braves the fury of the tempest. Thus in one way or another gifts are distributed according to the will of the donor, not at all according to the skill of the recipient. Let us each take our share, without grudging what is given to others, and let us not undervalue those which the same kind Providence has bestowed upon all.

ALONE IN THE WORLD; OR, THE CROSS BEFORE THE CROWN.

CHAPTER IX.

IN PRISON.

"THIS, then, is the gaol in which criminal culprits are confined, when about to undergo the last penalty of the law," said Kathleen to herself, as on the second day following her brother's arrest she threaded one of the streets in the Borough, at the end of which the gloomy prison is situated.

In prisons, as in all other places, there is superior accommodation for those who can pay. The gaol is known to the unfortunates, whose distresses, or whose crimes, have forced them to enter its dismal precincts, as "Banks's Hotel," and there are sundry good apartments to be had therein, we are assured, if the debtor has good friends to help him, or if he can himself pay a good price—an exorbitant price, we might almost say—for the accommodation.

But young Fitz Maurice had neither friends nor money, so had been put in a sitting-room, in common with others, and during the long, dreary nights previous to Kathleen's visit, laid awake, counting the hours as they sped slowly on, thinking over the past, remembering how he was yet only in the prime of manhood, how recklessly he had involved himself in debt, how carelessly he had squandered that which was not his own, how he had broken the heart of his young wife, whom in the stillness

of the midnight hour he fancied standing near him.

And Kathleen! I wonder did he ever think of her, and the heavy charge which she was taking on herself in the future care of his child? I suppose he did; for as he tossed uneasily to and fro on his hard mattress, he thought of her, of Helen, and of his aged and infirm mother—but more especially of Kathleen—and tears rushed to his eyes, as he murmured, "So good; she is so good, God will surely bless her! Such a fellow as I am, had no right to have such a sister as Katie is. Ah! and I wonder how she'll have managed with Smith? He's a hard fellow that! If I had run in debt some thousands now, I should have passed respectably through the Bankruptcy Court, and might have kept a few hundreds for myself; but as I have done neither one nor the other, it will be just in the common order of things to go hard with me. My poor little Mary, too! the rascals dragged me off, without even letting me stay to give her a kiss. One, two, three! only three o'clock yet! Will the hour of rising never come?"—he murmured, leaping from his wretched bed, and pacing the little chamber like one distracted. "What scenes could these walls tell, if they could speak," he then said, half aloud, relapsing into something of calmness. "What ruined hopes and shattered fortunes and broken hearts

and homes—what anguish and despair could they unfold! What horror, too, when the innocent debtor has been cramped up here at the time of a public execution; when the sound of the gallows being erected, and the tumult caused by a vast assemblage flocking hither, with a morbid relish for the horrible, has smote upon his ear!”

Then from the thoughts of others his mind reverted to himself and all his miseries, his hands grew hot, his mouth parched, his excited brain seemed on fire. He groped his way, or rather reeled towards the bed, and flinging himself upon it, speedily became insensible to his sorrows.

“Mr. Fitz Maurice you want to see. He was brought here two days ago. Let me examine your bag, if you please,” said the man at the gate, who appeared in answer to Kathleen’s summons, “No, ma’am,” he added, taking out sundry small articles to tempt the prisoner’s appetite, which the affectionate sister had managed to collect together, “we can’t allow this kind of thing, by no means.”

“My brother is not well; pray let me take them to him,” said Kathleen, in a pleading tone, accompanying the words with a flurin, which she passed into the man’s hand.

He instantly closed his hand on the piece of money, smiled significantly, and quickly returning the articles, directed her to follow him.

She threaded three or four gloomy passages, passed on from one official to another, the last one saying—

“Fitz Maurice — Edward Fitz

Maurice—be you his wife, ma’am—a bad case that—poor young fellow!”

“What mean you?”—said Kathleen, in her nervous trepidation laying her hand on the man’s arm, “I am his sister; speak—tell me quickly, what is the matter?”

“The matter be this, ma’am: the poor fellow be dying, if he’s not dead already. Shutting him up has affected him in a strange fashion; he was found insensible, when his door was unlocked for him to leave his room, this morning; then he recovered, and governor sent for the doctor, as says, he has congestion of the brain—wouldn’t live many hours. But Lord help and love you; don’t take on in this fashion; we must all die, one day, you know. You’ll make yourself ill, afore you go into him, if you don’t take care!”

“Take me to him, at once, my good man. There, see, I am quite composed!” said Kathleen, drying her eyes and forcing back the convulsive sob; and then she tremblingly followed his steps, as he led her to her brother’s room.

She started back appalled, as she stood beside that wretched bed, so great was the change which loneliness, confinement, and all the horrors of his position, had wrought in the appearance of Fitz Maurice. He was still insensible! “Will he die, and make no sign?” she thought, as she knelt in speechless agony beside the bed, and noted the hours creep slowly away. And yet he moved not—spoke not; only the slow irregular breathing denoted that life was not utterly extinct. Compassionating her distress, the doctor staid long with

her; but frankly avowed he could do no good; and when he left, one of his fellow-prisoners, with his wife, shared the watch. Suddenly, with the waning light of the closing day, a change came over the face—a gray shadow—once seen never afterwards forgotten, “Katie, my child; God bless all: God forgive me, a sinner!”

These words, whispered low, fell solemnly on the ears of those around; then a loud gasp followed, and the soul burst forth from the prison of the body—Edward Fitz Maurice was no longer of this world!

CHAPTER X.

HAVE THEY A CLUE?

It was a calm still evening, early in September, the closing-in of a day unusually hot and oppressive, one of those days which make one long for a quiet ramble, when the drawing-in of evening and the pleasant hour of sunset shall lure us from our homes.

The little village of Ashleigh Thorpe is in a state of unusual excitement, for the lady of the mansion has but now given birth to a son, and the event has filled the village with joy.

Mrs. Forrester looked at her infant with a mingled feeling of sorrow and gladness,—“A boy,” she said, with a sad smile,—“it is well; but alas, he will never make up to me for the loss of my first-born, my bright little Wally!”

Yet, to outward appearance, there is nothing astir at the “great house;” its customary air of quiet is unbroken, and the scene a very lovely one. The foliage of the trees which grew luxuriantly around was

just beginning to wear the tint of approaching autumn, the lawn which lay in front of the mansion, despite the heat of a long summer, was as green as an emerald, and for a few moments a solitary stranger paused on his way to the principal entrance, in order to gaze, rapt in admiration, at the scene before him.

The September moon, in all her radiance, had risen, and flooded with its golden silvery light every spot around.

The garden had been recently watered, and the earth, with its rich wealth of buds and blossoms, sent up a delicious perfume on the evening air.

Beds of geraniums, of every gorgeous hue, mingled with the pale blossom of the heliotrope, and the quaint stone terrace, which ran round two sides of the house, was lined with pots of flowering plants. No sound met the ear for some time, save the falling drops of a fountain, as it dashed its silvery spray into a marble basin beneath. Suddenly a young woman emerged from the house, and making her way across the lawn, disappeared round a slight turn leading to the avenue. At a little distance the quaint old spire of the village church might be seen, and a very few minutes later the joy bells pealed forth a merry strain.

The stranger was proceeding to the house, when he encountered on his way the same maid whom he had seen hastening across the lawn only a few minutes before, and accosting her, he inquired if Mr. Forrester was at home?

“He is,” was the reply, “but certain, I am, he will see no one to-

night. The lady of Ashleigh Thorpe has just presented him with a son, and he entertains two or three intimate friends, and will ill like to be disturbed till morning."

"Can you tell me where I can procure a bed? I have just travelled from London, to see Mr. Forrester on business of importance. I am both tired and hungry, and need rest and refreshment."

"You will meet with both at the Golden Fleece," replied the damsel, "it is quite close too. The landlord, a cousin of mine own, by the way, is an honest fellow, who will give you the best his house affords; but, on second thoughts, sir, you had better follow me, as you say your errand is on important business, and I will try and see if I can get speech of the Squire with you."

"Hand him this card," said the stranger, "I think that will be sufficient;" and drawing one from his case, he placed it in her hand—upon it was engraved, "Mr. Hughes, printseller and engraver, Regent Street, London."

A few moments only elapsed after her departure, ere she reappeared and made him a sign to follow her, and leading the way, she conducted him to that same library in which Ella had sat on the night on which she had stolen the child.

The Squire seemed to have grown prematurely old. His formerly ruddy, pleasant face was deeply lined, and the chestnut hair of two years since was thickly striped with gray. There was a slight tremor, too, and huskiness in the tones of his voice, as he bid Mr. Hughes take a seat, and alluded

to having received a letter from him a few days before.

"I have it with me, sir," said Hughes, preparing to unfasten the paper from a picture he had brought with him, on which he beheld Mr. Forrester's eyes fixed with an irresistible impulse out of his power to control.

A moment more, and the cord which confined it was loosened, and there lay before the eyes of Squire Forrester, the exact resemblance, portrayed by her own hand, of the woman whose strange infatuation had brought so withering a blight upon his house.

He stood for a moment speechless, then his countenance lighted up, and he said—

"Of course, Mr. Hughes, you know where this unfortunate lady resides? I understand from your communication, that she is in the habit of selling her paintings to you."

"Unfortunately, I do not know her whereabouts, sir. The lady is a widow, and gave me to understand that she had but a small income, and devoted her leisure time to painting as a source of emolument. I do not see her at regular intervals; she comes as it were by fits and starts."

"And when you saw the lady, did you trace no resemblance between her features and the photograph which you say your friend, the commissioner of police, showed you?"

"I neither noticed any resemblance when she first called on me, or later," answered Mr. Hughes; "the person who sold me that portrait is a widow, and much older I think than the lady for whom this is intended."

"I will double the reward I have already offered, Mr. Hughes, if when she calls again you will undertake to have her watched. If she be not herself the person who stole away my poor child, then she must be on intimate terms with her; or how could she have anything to do with this portrait? At any rate we shall have a clue to her whereabouts, if we do not possess it already. I must now leave you, to join a few friends; but will order some refreshments for you first?"

Mr. Hughes accepted the offer, having promised to neglect no means for tracing the lady to her home when next she should visit his shop; and then, having discussed to his satisfaction the cold fowl and sherry which Mr. Forrester had ordered to be taken to him, he repaired to the Golden Fleece, as the small wayside inn was called, and engaged a bed for the night.

There is nothing like the gossip of a country village. In some mystical way, unknown to himself, the cause of Mr. Hughes's journey to Ashleigh Thorpe was already known; and when he entered the small parlor, he was addressed by some half-dozen persons, who at one and the same time eagerly inquired if he had seen the lady who had stolen the child; and if he thought it possible he should be able to claim the reward, by being the means of restoring it to its parents?

"There be great joy up at the Manor House th' night," said the village schoolmaster, "because Mrs. Forrester hath another little boy; but happen he'll not make amends for loss of t'other, which nearly cost the mother her life."

"Ah, a cunning wench was that sister of hers," chimed in the village barber; "she laid her plans so well t' Squire hath never been able to lay hands on her! It noigh sent t' lady out of her moind."

"By that same token," said the landlord, "it may be the Squire's wife's family are not sound here," touching his forehead significantly as he spoke, "*I don't forget, not I*, that Miss Graham was uncommon bad when she came to these parts—touched she certainly were—folk said as how she had been in some great trouble afore she comed to the Manor House. She were a beautiful woman, but her always looked unhappy somehow."

"Very unfortunate! very," said Mr. Hughes, as if to himself, when the din of voices had ceased. Somehow an idea now seemed to possess him that the lady who had so frequently called at his shop was the identical Miss Graham, and he began to feel no small anger with himself, that he had been so remiss, and scanned the stranger's features so carelessly, as not to discover the elegant and handsome Miss Graham, beneath the widow's cap, spectacles, and crape veil, and had thus, unless she should turn up again, lost the chance which had been within his reach of claiming the handsome reward Mr. Forrester had offered for the recovery of his child. And he went home in the morning fully determined not only to be on the alert for her next appearance, but also to scan every woman's countenance narrowly, whether she wore a widow's cap or not.

Meanwhile Ella's fears had been excited by the remarks he had made about seeing the portrait on

a previous occasion, for it was only after she had left that he remembered the photograph he had seen. Guided then by the cunning which not unfrequently dictates the motions of those who are *non compos mentis*, Ella at once made the resolve, not only never, whatever the consequences might be, to go again to the shop of Mr. Hughes, who really paid well for her skilful productions, but not again to stray to the other side of Westminster bridge. In fact, to go back to her old trade of governess, bad as it was, rather than risk another visit to Regent Street, and thereby, perhaps, by some terrible mischance, to lose her darling.

Meanwhile, that same darling was frequently as great a source of anxiety as of love; poor Ella's fifty pounds a year did so very little *now*—what it would do later was a question she often asked herself, and then did her best to drive it from her mind, and would press the boy to her bosom, rain a shower of tears on his sweet little face, and smile through those same tears when his little arms encircled her neck, and the baby lips lisped out the word, "Mamma"—the word she loved the best to hear, but to which she had no claim, save in her own fevered imagination.

CHAPTER XI.

LOOKING AT THE FUTURE.

SEVERAL years may pass over our heads, and leave but small trace of their onward progress, save that which they exercise over ourselves individually, for the monotony of our lives may remain unbroken for ten or fifteen years, unless per-

chance the rude hand of death shall have snatched away one or more whom we have dearly loved, or the busy work of life shall have placed thousands of miles between us and our dearest friends.

However, no such changes had passed over the heads of Ella Graham and Kathleen Fitz Maurice. These two women, who acting from such very different motives, were each charged with the maintenance and education of the children of others, and whose days for a long space of time had passed on without any great change—each working hard, never making way, scarce ever a pound "laid by for a rainy day," as the phrase goes, but often wanting a shilling for the common necessities of life.

In this manner several years had passed, and in noting the rapidly awakening intelligence of Edward, as Ella for her own reasons chose to call the boy whom she had stolen away, she was often puzzled as to how to answer the questions he would put to her. Childhood is proverbially an inquisitive age, and it must be borne in mind that Ella's mental infirmity often tended to make her rather obscure; thus, on one occasion, when she sat with her work in hand, but her thoughts in dreamland, thinking of the child and his future, he looked up from his box of leaden soldiers, which he had been busily marshalling out on the table, and said—

"Mamma, you have never told me how old I was when papa died. Talk to me about him a little, I don't remember him at all."

There was a long pause, during which Ella began to unpick her work, without the slightest con-

sciousness as to what she was doing. At last, she said, "You were born after papa's death."

The child fixed his large dark eyes on her face, then pushed away his soldiers, and sat for a moment with no small wonder depicted on his intelligent countenance, then he said—

"Why, mamma, how you *do* forget. Now, don't you remember telling me one day that papa was so fond of me when I was a baby? How could he have been fond of me, if he died before I was born?"

"You forget, my dear child. I never told you anything of the kind. But here, darling, you have been playing long enough, and must learn your lessons now." And Ella placed a book in the boy's hand.

"It is very funny that mamma forgets so," said the child, half to himself; then seeing large tears run down Ella's face, the affectionate little fellow threw his arms around her neck, exclaiming, "Are you crying again, mamma, because we are so poor? Well then, never mind, when I grow to be a man, I will buy you ever so many things—lots of fine things: and we'll have a fine house, and be very happy as long as we live!"

And Ella pushed back the thick brown locks, and looked into the earnest eyes of this child, whom she loved too well, and pressed him to her bosom with that close embrace from which the child involuntarily shrunk; then, when she let him go, the poor little fellow made off to his accustomed corner, and conned his lesson, now and then looking up, to see if his supposed mother were still in tears,

when, if so, it was his invariable custom to kiss them away.

About this time Ella began to be wretchedly unhappy; her health was not as good as formerly; she had long dismissed her handmaiden, Martha, and was trying to maintain herself and the boy on her very small income.

How to educate him, was the question that puzzled her the most, so she determined with the coming spring to betake herself to her old work, solely to give her the means to educate him properly, for she used sometimes to say to herself, "When I am dying, I will tell him who he is; and they shall see I have not neglected him!"

The boy had a natural taste for painting, so, as Ella was a perfect mistress of her art, she was careful to instruct him in this point, and had the satisfaction of seeing that he outstripped herself.

There were times, too, when the poor Ella persuaded herself into the belief that the unfortunate boy was *really* her own child; hence, she told him contradictory stories, and even at this early age the suspicions of the child were, as we have seen, awakened.

It were hardly to be wondered at, that, with Ella for the boy's sole companion, he should grow up a reserved and somewhat melancholy youth—fond of study, caring little for play, and holding himself aloof from others of his sex and age.

"My beautiful, clever boy," she would sometimes say to herself, as she watched him bending over the pages of his French or German grammar, both of which languages she knew, "if I had left him with

them, I suppose he would have had a tutor. Ah! well, never mind, I love him too well to do him any wrong. I will go and give lessons again next spring. I can teach him till he is twelve years old, and then I will place him at some good school for three or four years."

As to ever telling him the story of his birth, and thus restoring him to the estate to which he was the heir, as well as to his afflicted parents, such an idea never entered Ella's head for a moment; the boy had simply become as a part of her existence, and amply returned the love she bore to him; and to have separated herself from him would have been to give herself her death-blow. Ever toiling, ever striving, then, so that the boy should grow into a well-educated youth, the years passed rapidly by, and as each recurring epoch made the remembrance of his abduction more and more obscure, she almost ended by believing that he was really her own child.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LAST SUMMONS.

"HARK! there is the sound of carriage-wheels; Herbert is yet in time, for it surely must be he," said Mrs. Forrester, as she turned away from the sick-bed of her dying husband, and leaned for support on the arm of a friend, who along with a Sister of Charity kept watch in the chamber.

Mrs. Forrester has changed very much with anxiety and years. The idea of the printseller, that he should be able to track the steps of Ella, was, as the reader knows, rendered impossible by her cunning;

but the poor lady had never ceased to lament and pine over the uncertainty of the boy's fate—sometimes regarding him as dead, at other times fancying he would one day return, some fortuitous chance making known to him his parentage, which she felt rightly Ella must have concealed, supposing he were still alive.

How her heart had bled, even when she hoped he were still alive, at the thought that he was brought up in all the horrors of penury, perhaps uneducated; perhaps, whistled a woman's pride, "I should be ashamed of my own son, as one uncouth, his mind uncultivated; thrown, perhaps, in low society, by the poverty of that unhappy Ella!"

How unlike was she to the Louisa of twenty years ago. She was now about to lose her husband. Her eyes were dim and heavy with weeping; her hair gray; her figure had lost its plumpness; she was the shadow of the once happy mistress of Ashleigh Thorpe! Her second son, absent at college, had been telegraphed for, when his father's illness assumed a dangerous character, and as the hours sped on she watched the dying man with intense anxiety, fearing lest his spirit should pass away before the son's arrival.

Approaching the window, Mrs. Forrester drew aside the blind; the sun was setting in all the glory of a balmy summer evening, the plaintive notes of the cuckoos were to be heard, and looking forward she beheld her son Herbert alight from a fly, and two minutes later pressed him to her bosom.

"Heaven be praised," she whispered, "you are in time. *He* has been so uneasy—wishing so, my

dearest Herbert, to give you some instructions before his death."

Herbert Forrester, a tall and handsome youth, drew near to the bedside of his expiring parent, and gently pressed his hand. The dying man looked up, and his lips moved as though about to speak; then, after a moment's pause, he said, in a low and broken voice—

"My boy; I am so glad to see you before I die. I want very much to say a few words. I beg of you to put my advice in practice, after I have gone from you."

"My dear father," said the youth, who, overcome by his emotion, fairly broke down when his father ceased speaking, "I have always loved you dearly, and felt myself happy in obeying you in life, how faithfully then shall I not strive to act as you desire when God has taken you from me."

"You have, my boy. We have always loved each other dearly, and now listen to what I say. Many years since, our first-born son was, as you are aware, stolen away. We have no reason to believe that he is dead, and if alive, at any time he may come forward as claimant to the estate. I want you, my dear son, to try only to consider yourself as holding it in charge, as it were, for this elder brother, for of course, in his absence, you will take possession after my death. I am especially glad, too, that it has pleased God to give you a vocation to enter the priesthood; had the case been otherwise, the struggle might have been a hard one, whenever the time shall come that my long-lost son shall again be found. You will find yourself abundantly provided for in my will; and in

the absence of this prior claim you are really the possessor of this estate."

Mr. Forrester sunk back exhausted, and it was some time before he had strength to speak again. He had already made his peace with his God, and it seemed as though the desire of his heart had been granted—that life should be prolonged till he had given his last instructions to his son, so rapidly did he sink after the arrival of the latter, expiring in his arms during the night.

Young Forrester felt his loss acutely, and strove manfully to comfort his afflicted mother. So far from entertaining a fear lest the long-lost Walter should reappear, he thirsted with a feverish anxiety to see this stranger brother, and the rendering up of the Ashleigh Thorpe property would, in the eyes of this young man, who was already admitted to minor orders, only have been looked upon as being one care the less to distract his mind from things eternal.

Mr. Forrester had been a kind and benevolent man to the poor people on the estate, and there was much lamentation on the following morning, as soon as his decease was known. He had left instructions in his will that his funeral should be conducted in a simple and inexpensive manner, and acting up to the letter, a simple hearse, with two mourning coaches and a few private carriages, formed the funeral cavalcade, his remains being interred in the cemetery attached to a Catholic church about two miles distant.

Ashleigh Thorpe was for the present no fit residence for Mrs.

Forrester, so it was decided that for some few months the place should be closed, and left in the care of two trusty servants, Herbert returning to the College, and she with a confidential maid to the metropolis.

CHAPTER XIII.

GOING AWAY.

LOOKING out from an open window upon the pleasant garden of a small white cottage, in the environs of Dublin, stands our old friend Kathleen. She is bending forward, with a gentle smile on her pleasant face, as a sweet, fresh voice carols forth that beautiful ballad of Moore's—"Kathleen Mavourneen."

The voice draws nigher, and the next moment the loving arms of a fair young girl encircle her round the waist, the song is stilled, and fixing her deep earnest eyes on her companion, she exclaims—

"Now, *my* Kathleen Mavourneen, tell me why you are in tears, or I will never sing your favorite song again!"

"Oh, Mary, do not ask me; you know I feel such sorrow that Aunt Nelly persists in pushing this matter on. She will never be happy, I am certain, and then to lose her so soon after your poor grandmother's death, it seems as if all kinds of trouble were to come at once."

"And if Aunt Nelly *will* marry John Moran, all the tears in the world will not prevent it, my own best-loved auntie. She will have to live with those big daughters of his, and to leave dear old Ireland for Canada, and never see us any more; but she is old enough to know her own mind, Aunt Katie.

And I am quite sure she will not like to live single all her life; she says, you know, that she is getting on in years, and has no time to lose, so how can *we* help it? And you know, aunt, dear, *I* shall always live with you; so be your own dear self again, and do not take on so any more."

"God bless you, my Mary," said Aunt Kathleen, pressing the girl to her bosom, "I wish you a better fate, my love, than to live always with me. I am growing old, Mary, love. Nay, do not shake your sunny locks at me so defiantly. There are some, love, who grow *prematurely* old, and I think I am amongst the number. Not that I speak of brown hair turning gray, or a mere lack of physical strength, or dimness of sight; not one of these things, or all combined, darling, for indeed I have all these evidences of age; but because I feel myself also old at heart, infirm, and wanting in the energy I once possessed."

Gentle Mary lovingly took the hands of the only real friend she had ever known—she who had received her as a precious deposit from a dying father, and to whose loving care a dead mother had commended her—within her own, kissed away her tears, and exclaimed—

"My more than mother, do you think your Mary will ever desert you?—she who owes to you all she possesses. You shall lean, dearest, on my strength, and youth, and health, and may God forsake me if I ever forsake my more than mother!"

Sweet, trusting, sanguine youth, how soon doth the bitter struggles

with a hard, cold world, dispel its brightest dreams!

Thus thought Kathleen, as she stood leaning on the arm of her favorite; and a deep sigh unwittingly escaped her, for she knew by sad experience that it is a hard world for the female bread-winner: and looking back through the dim vista of years gone by, she remembered the time when she herself, in the full flush of youth and health, felt, and thought, and spoke as Mary did now.

"You sigh, Aunt Katie: do you then doubt my love? Do you hold it lightly, because I, with my twenty summers, speak so confidently? Alas! God only knows how dearly I love you!"

"Ah, Mary dear, never say that again! *We* can never doubt each other's love."

"Then why did you give that bitter sigh, Aunt Katie? But, foolish girl that I am, alas, alas! do I not know the cause of your dejection!"

As Mary spoke, her arms dropped listlessly by her side. She stood for a few moments in a dreamy, absent manner, looking out upon vacancy, till at length the bright eyes were suffused with big tears, and sinking on a chair she buried her face in her hands and sobbed aloud.

Suddenly a step was heard on the gravel walk without, and Helen's rich voice, warbling a fashionable ballad, sounded on their ears. Mary rose and vainly tried to conceal her tears, as hastily entering the room, with her bonnet in one hand and a bunch of hothouse flowers in the other, her aunt threw herself on the couch, exclaiming—

"What a hot day it is: I am always fatigued this terrible weather! Mary, child, run and fetch me a glass of wine. But stop a minute, and tell me what is the matter. Mercy on me, you two are always in tears! You really make me feel quite lachrymose on the eve of my bridal; but your tears do not flow for me, child—you are not fond enough of me for that, and never were!"

"They flow for Aunt Katie, then," replied Mary, indignantly. "I know she is sad that you are leaving us, Aunt Nelly, and I am sad too, though you will persist in it I never cared for you: I cannot help that!"

"And of what benefit, Miss, would my remaining in this odious poverty be to either you or Katie?" was the reply. "Heaven be thanked, to-morrow morning will see me Mrs. Moran; and an end at last to duns and difficulties, as far as I am concerned."

"And do you really start for Canada the day after your marriage?" asked her sister.

"Yes: that is the only drawback, Katie; but Moran told me that it must be so, when I consented to marry him. There are only his two eldest daughters at home, and the younger children, and he fears business will suffer if he remains longer in England. I am sorry we have to part, Katie, love," she said: and whatever amount of sisterly love she did possess showed itself just then, for her voice shook and her lips quivered, while her eyes filled with tears, "but what was to be done? I do not attempt to insinuate that mine is a love-match, but it is an *eligible* one at least; and if I do not love—I es-

teem Mr. Moran, and that is more, perhaps, than one-half my sex can say when they marry. On one side there was *our* terrible poverty, on the other affluence; who can blame me, under these circumstances, for becoming the wife of a man with grown-up children, I should like to know?"

"No one blames you, Helen. I only hope you will not have something to suffer from these grown-up children. However, you will try and do your duty by them, I am sure."

"Ah, yes! mine is an obnoxious office, no doubt," replied Helen, with a light laugh; "but I can take my own part as well as most women."

Had Helen said she could take her own part *better* than many could, her sister and niece would not have gainsaid her assertion. No one who knew her would have doubted the truth of her words.

"Do you think nothing of those you are leaving forever, Helen?" said Kathleen, in a reproachful tone—"of the broken-up home in which we have passed, with our dearest mother, some few happy years?"

"Ah, yes, a *few*; that word was

well put in. Well, Mary will stay with you, of course?"

"Of course, I shall! I should think so, indeed! No power on earth should tear me from dear Aunt Katie," said Mary, eagerly. "Single, I will never leave her; and married—I would refuse the best man that ever lived, if he would not give Aunt Kathleen a home; for she has been far more than a mother to me!"

"My poor Mary, we will not look to the future; but enjoy the present as far as we can. In a very few days we will leave this cottage; I shall be happier then, and my parting with Helen will be over."

And so the wedding day came. They intended it to be a very simple, quiet affair; still the news got buzzed about, and there was a good sprinkling of people in the church: then, when the ceremony was concluded, the small wedding party breakfasted at the house of the bride's sister, and a few hours later, amidst the tears of Kathleen and the congratulations of friends, they crossed over in a steamer to Liverpool, whence they were to embark the following day for the United States.

(To be continued.)

THE ASSUMPTION OF OUR BLESSED LADY.

SWEET summer passes, melting-day by day
 Into the smiling mellow autumn-tide ;
 The flowers are blooming still, the birds are gay,
 And the fields wave in all their golden pride ;
 Fair Nature pours her treasures far and wide
 In joyful homage to our Lady dear,
 For that her festival of highest tide,
 The crowning gem of Mary's circling year,
 The bright triumphant day of heaven and earth, is here ;—

The day when heaven did receive from earth
 The fairest gift that earth had to bestow ;
 The Virgin sweet that to her God gave birth,
 The humble maiden-mother meek and low ;
 When the rejoicing angels forth did go
 To welcome her ; and her Almighty Son
 To the admiring heaven its Queen did show,
 Crowned with eternal glory, on a throne
 Placed high above the high, lower than God's alone.

• Oh Mary, God Himself did honor thee ;
 What homage then should we, His creatures, bring !
 Before thy shrine we sink on bended knee,
 And come with humble hearts thy praise to sing.
 It was to thee that heaven's eternal King
 Once looked for help and sweet protecting care,
 Oh ! Mother blest beyond imagining !
 And the Most High has deigned with us to share
 His Mother's love, and us thy children to declare.

Oh dost thou smile to see us bring these flowers,
 These glittering lights ? to hear our songs of praise ?
 Thou hast immortal wreaths from fadeless bowers ;
 Thy crown illumines heaven with its rays ;
 Before thy throne angelic spirits raise
 Celestial hymns of ravishing delight ;
 Yet thou wilt not disdain our humble lays,
 Our flow'rets pale, our tapers' trembling light ;
 Too meek thou art and kind our humblest gifts to slight.

Oh! could we praise thee as the angels do—
 Oh! could we serve and honor thee as they—
 How gladly would we pay thee homage due!
 What tribute should our love and faith display!
 But we can scarce do more than kneel and pray
 Like helpless children at a mother's knee:
 Yet thus more happy than the angels; *they*
 But claim thee for their glorious Queen, while *we*
 Do call thee Mother dear, and such thou deign'st to be.

Honor and reverence then, and duteous love,
 We offer thee with filial hearts and true;
 Look from thy star-encircled throne above,
 And all our wants and all our sorrows view.
 Oh, Mother, spread thy heavenly mantle blue
 O'er our unsheltered heads, and keep us near
 Thy blessed feet, that, with affection due
 And loyalty, we kiss and we revere,
 Oh, Queen of Heaven and Earth, Mother and Mistress dear!

AUTHORS OF THE HYMNS OF THE BREVIARY.

DR. JOHNSON once said that *Paradise Lost* is one of those books which we read and admire, but when we lay it down, we forget to take up again. The same remark could be made with regard to the Roman Breviary. Except with priests, it is a book much talked of, but little read. Yet it is a wonderful work. Its style in many instances would cause a sneer on the countenance of a classical purist, and there are more instances, on the other hand, so redolent of the Augustinian age, that they would extort admiration even from the most captious. The grand simplicity of the Book of Genesis, the concise details of the Book of

Kings, the sublimity of Isaias, the pathos of Jeremiah—in a word, choice selections from every book of the Old Testament are met with in regular succession. A like variety is to be found in the extracts from the New Testament, beginning with the genealogy of our Lord, and ending with the wonders of the Apocalypse.

Then, how grandly are the Fathers of the Church represented! These noble and venerable figures looming up from the mists of antiquity bearing continual testimony to the truth of the old Church built upon the Rock! In that small Breviary, the priest of the nineteenth century reading his

Office in a log cabin beyond the Mississippi, can utter a heartfelt Credo to the words of the martyr who died for the faith in a Roman amphitheatre, in the first century. The ornate oratory of a Chrysostom, the nervous eloquence of an Augustine, appear on the same page. To-day we are charmed with the luminous exposition of a Saint Gregory, to-morrow spell-bound with the pious effusions of a Saint Bernard; whilst to enhance the charm, monkish chroniclers, in language characteristic of the Age of Faith, give us simple records of the mercies of God in the lives of His saints.

Whoever unacquainted with the Latin language, would wish to know the treasures of the Roman Breviary, needs but read Cardinal Wiseman's *Fabiola*, where the most thrilling chapter in that matchless tale, is, to a great extent, extracted from passages in the Office of Saint Agnes. When Dr. Newman, while yet an Anglican minister, was requested to select a volume as a memento of one of his dearest friends, he chose the Breviary; and it was found as constantly on his table, when a member of the Church of England, as when a priest of the Catholic Church. Every affection of the human heart, from the lowest depths of misery to the closest communion with God, here finds utterance. If we are troubled with the pangs of sorrow, we can wail the *De Profundis*; if our souls exult with joy, we can chant the loud *Te Deum*. The readers of the CATHOLIC RECORD must have often witnessed the spectacle of a church draped in mourning, and an entire congregation uniting with

the ministers at the altar in wailing that most sorrowful of all plaints. And history cannot record a nobler spectacle than when John Sobieski, King of Poland, after having hurled back the fierce onslaught of Turkish hordes from European soil, intoned the *Te Deum* in the Cathedral of Vienna.* The occasion was the liberation of Europe from Moslem bondage. The cross triumphed; the crescent waned. The waves of barbarism had in vain spent their fury against the ramparts of Vienna. The words best calculated to express their thankfulness to Almighty God for the victory were taken from the Roman Breviary, and as Sobieski, with the flower of European chivalry around him, intoned the *Te Deum*, it was continued by the thousands who had flocked to the Cathedral, taken up by the soldiers lining the streets leading from the church, until seventy thousand voices swelled the grand anthem. The effect can be more easily imagined than described.

It is not, however, with the general characteristics of the Breviary we propose to deal, but rather with its hymns—many of them so beautiful—scattered through it. Half the interest of a beautiful poem is lost when we do not recognize its author. Even mediocre productions of our greater poets are treasured in people's minds when their names are appended, while oftentimes far abler but anonymous productions pass unheeded away. The "Lines on a Skull," beginning—

"Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full,"

which appeared some fifty years ago

* Historians say that the king himself intoned the *Te Deum*, the clergy not having yet arrived.

in the *London Morning Chronicle*, created such a sensation, that a reward of fifty guineas was offered, in vain, for the discovery of the author. The author of that wonderfully beautiful poem on the "Burial of Moses," beginning—

"By Nebos' lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
And no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angel of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there,"

is unknown. Both were intensely famous in their day, and now they have almost fallen into oblivion. "The Beautiful Snow," which everybody knows there was such fierce wrangling about some time ago, is destined to obtain a prominent position among American poems, not alone because it is a beautiful poem, but also because its author is known.

The authorship of many of the hymns of the Roman Breviary is still involved in much obscurity. The ideas of many of them are so beautiful and grand, and the cadences so rhythmical, that their music lingers in our ears long after the impression of the words has passed away. The authors of these hymns are not given in the Breviary, and there being no work in the English language, as far as I am aware, giving any information on the subject, I thought it would not be inappropriate to give to the readers of the RECORD the authors of some of the principal ones. There are about 173 hymns in all. Of some of these all that can be said is, that they were written by an imitator or a follower of St. Ambrose; of others again we can

name the century when they were written, though not the author.

The following are the names of a few:

Hymns to the Blessed Virgin are:

Alma Redemptoris Mater is by Hermanus Contractus, a German monk of the eleventh century.

Ave Maris Stella is generally attributed to Venantius Fortunatus, bishop of Poitiers, about the beginning of the seventh century. By some, however, it is attributed to some anonymous writer between the sixth and the ninth century; others again think it is much older.

Ave Regina Cælorum is a continuation of *Cælestis Urlis Jerusalem*, said on the festival of the dedication of the Church. It was written anonymously between the tenth and fifteenth centuries.

Quem Terra, Pontus, Sidera is slightly changed from Venantius Fortunatus.

O Gloriosa Virginum is a portion of the above by the same author, but likewise changed.

Regina Cæli Lætare, said three times a day, instead of the *Angelus*, during the Pascal season, is also by an unknown author between the tenth and fifteenth centuries.

Salve Regina, according to Tritenheim, is by Hermanus Contractus; but, according to Durand, it was written by Petrus de Monsoro, bishop of Compostello. The concluding portion, *O clemens, O pia, O dulcis Virgo Maria*, is said to have been added by St. Bernard.

Stabat Mater Dolorosa, according to Wadding, was written by Giacomone da Todi, a disciple of St. Francis of Assisi. There is a Codex however in the library of the

University at Utrecht, ascribing this hymn to St. Bernard.

Te Mater Alma Numinis, said in the Feast of the Maternity, is by some writer between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries.

The *Te Deum* is generally supposed to have been written by St.

Ambrose, though bishop Hefele thinks it is much older.

The world-renowned *Dies Viæ* was written by Thomas de Selano, a disciple of St. Francis of Assisi. He died about the year 1250.*

* A continuation of this article, by the same author, will shortly appear.—ED.

TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

THE total eclipse of the sun, is one of those phenomena of nature which cannot be witnessed without the most intense interest. Partial eclipses of the sun, and even the great annular eclipse, though highly imposing phenomena, are far inferior to the complete and total obscuration of that luminary. The event is described by those who have witnessed it as 'the most awfully grand that man can behold, and the most interesting,' because on that occurrence we are permitted a hasty glance at some of the secrets of nature which cannot be seen on any other occasion. When we read in ancient times of the two armies of the Lydians and Medes, even in the very midst of a furious battle, awe-struck and desisting from the combat at the obscuration of the sun, we cannot wonder that such a spectacle should deeply impress more refined and more intelligent observers.

Everybody knows that an eclipse of the sun is caused by the opaque body of the moon coming between us and the sun; but all are not aware of the difference of circum-

stances which causes at one time an annular and at another a total eclipse: these circumstances are, however, very easily explained. If you take a piece of white paper, cut it into a circle of about four inches diameter, and lay it on the table; then, standing before it, take a penny-piece, and shutting one eye, so place the coin between you and the paper that, looking at both with your open eye, you see the former cover the centre of the paper, and leave a white circle uncovered: this will represent the phenomenon of an annular eclipse. Then gradually move the penny-piece nearer and nearer your eye, till it comes to within about two feet, or to a point where the coin as now seen completely covers and obscures the whole circumference of the paper circle: this will represent the phenomenon of a total eclipse. This experiment illustrates an invariable law of vision—that bodies near the eye appear larger than those at a distance; or, in other words, that objects diminish in size as they recede from the eye or centre of vision. Now the di-

iameter of the sun is about 400 times larger than that of the moon, and the mean distance of the former luminary is about 400 times greater; so that the diameters of the sun and moon as seen by us are nearly the same. But as the earth's orbit is elliptical, with the sun in one of the foci or centres, at certain times the sun is nearer to us, and at other times more remote; consequently his diameter increases and diminishes somewhat to our sense of vision. It is the same with the moon. Her orbit is also elliptical, and, consequently, at certain periods of her revolution round the earth, she too appears with a larger disk than at others. When it so happens that a conjunction occurs between the sun and moon, at a period when the moon's disk is at its smallest and the sun's at its largest, then the moon will not entirely obscure the sun, but a small circular rim of this luminary will be visible: on the other hand, when the reverse position of these bodies occurs—that is, when the sun is at his greatest distance from us, and his disk the smallest, while the moon is at her nearest point to the earth, and her disk the largest—then a total eclipse of the sun is the consequence. As the greatest difference, however, occurs on the moon's disk, the occurrence of a total eclipse is mainly dependent upon her relative position. From the well-known laws of the moon's revolutions it is evident that eclipses, either of the sun or moon, can only be of occasional and comparatively rare occurrence. Still more rare must be the concomitant circumstances which bring about a total or even an annular eclipse. The

awe which the pervading gloom and stillness as of approaching night excited; and the singular effect which this unusual interruption of the order of every-day nature had on the unreflecting brute creation—birds ceasing their song, deserting their feeding-ground, and flying to the thickets to roost—cattle looking up in dumb amazement to the portentous sky—and dogs whining and howling in terror!

M. Arago strikingly describes the total eclipse of 1842. The whole circumference of the moon was seen by him through his telescope while yet she had entered only about two-thirds of the sun's diameter. As the total eclipse approached, a strange fluctuation of light was seen both by Arago and others upon the walls and on the ground—so striking, that in some places children ran after it, and tried to catch it with their hands. Mr. Airy, the astronomer-royal, describes the singular ring of light which surrounded the moon's circumference, commencing on the side of the moon opposite to that at which the sun disappeared. In some places this ring or *corona* was seen double. Its texture appeared in some places as if fibrous or composed of entangled thread; in some places brushes or feathers of light proceeded from it. The appearance of this luminousness was very striking and unaccountable. The general opinion was, that it emanated from the sun; while more ancient writers have supposed it to be the atmosphere of the moon. "In the general decay and disease which seemed to oppress all nature, the moon and the corona appeared almost like a local disease in that

part of the sky." But the most remarkable of all the appearances were the red mountains or flames apparently projecting from the circumference of the moon into the inner ring of the corona. These were seen and figured under different aspects by observers at various stations. The first impression was, that they were parts of the sun—elevations estimated at thirty thousand miles; but then the difference of form which they assumed as seen at different places became an objection to this theory. M. Faye conceives these appearances to be due to a sort of mirage or deception of vision.

Of the awful effect of the total obscuration, and of the suddenness with which it came on, it would be difficult to give an idea. The darkness is described as "dropping down like a mantle;" the clouds seemed to be descending; the outlines of the horizon became indistinct, and sometimes even invisible; and a moral awe hung on the livid-looking countenances gazing around. The effect on the brute creation was also extraordinary. In one case a half-starved dog, which was voraciously devouring some food, instantly dropped it from his mouth when the darkness came on. In another a swarm of ants, which were busily carrying their burdens, stopped, and remained motionless till the light reappeared. A herd of oxen feeding in a field collected themselves into

a circle, and stood with their horns outwards. Some plants, such as the convolvulus, closed their leaves as at night. At Venice the darkness was so great that the smoke from the steamboat funnels could not be seen. In several places birds in their flight came against the walls of houses. When the sky was clear several stars were seen, and in several places a reddish light was perceived near the horizon. A heavy dew fell in some places. Mr. Airy mentions an anecdote related to him by M. Arago of the captain of a French ship who had made most careful arrangements for taking observations in his vessel. When the darkness came on, however, all discipline was at an end; every one's attention was directed to the general phenomenon; and thus many minute observations were lost. For taking observations it may be mentioned that no particular astronomical skill is necessary, and few instruments—a telescope, stop-watch, common prism, and polariscope, include the more essential of them. A photogenic apparatus, either Daguerreotype or Talbotype, or both, by which a number of views could be obtained during the successive stages of the phenomenon, and at different localities, would be by far the most interesting and useful of the observations which travellers and men of science could contribute.

T E R E S A :

A SKETCH AT ALTBACH.

I.

I WONDERED whose that sweet voice could be, so I went to the window and looked out. The evening was fast closing in, and it was already too dark for me to distinguish anything in the garden below, but some one was singing "Robert, toi que j'aime," as that beautiful air is seldom sung, even by professionals. I sat and listened until, in a little while, the door of my room opened, and Johanna appeared, to see if I was ready for supper. I asked about the unseen singer.

"Oh it's Teresa," she answered; "you know who I mean, my orphan cousin that lives with us. I've never praised her to you, nor her singing either, because it's always best to leave people to judge for themselves. If one talks too much about anybody beforehand, and raises great expectations, the result is sure to be disappointing," added my practical friend, who was a typical German girl in every way. Externally, at least, her nationality was sufficiently defined, for no one could be slow in deciding to what race belonged that firm, robust figure, and that rosy, good-humored face, with its small gray eyes and wide mouth. I had made her acquaintance at the house of a friend, and had arrived that evening to stay with her in her own home. Of her father there is not much to be

said; he was a courteous and polished person, very quiet and subdued in his manner. It was not easy to say whether this manner was natural to him, or whether it had been acquired in the course of many weary years, during which he had been trained in patience by his strong-minded wife, between whom and himself there existed no sort of sympathy, and very little affection. She was externally most unattractive, possessing an abrupt, positive manner, a harsh, discordant voice, and a face plain even to ugliness. I used to wonder to myself what her husband could have married her for, but she was both clever and cultivated; indeed she spent almost all her time in helping one of her brothers in his literary pursuits, and no inconsiderable portion of the works which bear his name, comes, in reality, from her pen. She evidently thought herself

Too good

For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles;

and she would have heartily despised the "perfect woman" of Wordsworth's charming poem.

On the other hand Teresa might, in many respects, have sat for the original of that well-known portrait, at least so I thought on that first evening of my visit, when, a few moments after we had seated ourselves at the supper-table, she

came softly into the room, the prettiest woman I have ever seen, and at once took my heart by storm. In her hand she held two or three roses, which she had just gathered for the guest, and no words could describe aright the grace of her manner as she gave them to me, nor the sweetness with which her words of welcome were spoken. She somehow reminded me of a white lily, and to this day I never see one without thinking of her clear, pale, expressive face, soft hazel eyes, and small, delicate mouth. She was the light of the house, and the life of that little circle; her uncle positively worshipped her, loving her more fondly than his own child. As for me, I soon imitated his example, for I had not spent many days under his hospitable roof before the society of Johanna became, comparatively speaking, a weariness and a burden to me, while I eagerly embraced every opportunity of being with Teresa. I was naturally anxious to conceal my preference, but I am sure my trouble was uncalled for as far as Johanna was concerned; she was not sensitive or affectionate, but was one of those good-natured, kind-hearted people, who are incapable of any very deep or tender feelings, and pursue the even tenor of their way, ignorant alike of the brightest lights and the darkest shadows of human existence.

Johanna knew very well how infinitely superior her cousin was to herself in every way, and seemed to take it quite as a matter of course that Teresa should be universally preferred. "Every one likes her best," she said to me one day in

the blunt, matter of fact manner which she had inherited from her mother, "and I'm sure I don't wonder at it. Even Karl does, in a kind of way; he only wants to marry me because my land adjoins his, and he thinks it will suit so well to have the properties touch. Besides, he knows Teresa is not to be had."

What Karl thought, I know not, but, preference apart, Teresa and I were thrown a great deal together in the natural course of things. Johanna used always to disappear after breakfast, and was not seen again until the dinner-bell rang. She spent the whole morning in domestic affairs, her favorite occupation, as it is that of many German girls. Teresa's English mother had brought her up in a very different fashion, and, since she had come to live in her uncle's house, she had been excused from taking part in her cousin's morning occupations, because she herself was so soon to leave Germany altogether. We breakfasted before eight, and, directly afterwards, she and I used to go off to an arbor in the garden, and establish ourselves there until one, the fashionable dinner hour. The house had been a convent in pre-reformation times, and stood on the outskirts of the town, the garden extending to the extreme verge of the hill on which Altbach was built, and being, at that time, separated only by a very low wall from the vineyards which clothed the steep slope down to its foot. The stream of the Neckar ran through the valley, and the view from my favorite arbor was one of which I never wearied, woods, and hills, and mountains stretching

endlessly away. That quaint informal garden was a charming place, full of the sweet old-fashioned flowers which are so much nicer than any modern favorites. There were sheaves of white lilies, and endless bushes of lavender, and myriads of roses, growing all round the vine-covered arbor, and those mornings spent in it will always be remembered by me as among the pleasantest of my life. Teresa and I used to write, and read, and finish our sketches; above all, we used to talk. People may say what they like about the charms of "general conversation," as it is called, but I can never agree with them, for, as far as my experience goes, conversation should be "*sous quatre yeux*" if it is to be as perfect as possible; at least, all the most interesting talks I have ever had, have been carried on under this condition.

Here, then, Teresa told me all about herself, and all about her Robert too. He was the youngest son of a very old Wurtemberg family, and had gone over to America some years before, in order to escape from the caste prejudices which forbade him to earn his living in the way he wished. He had prospered wonderfully in the new country, and was expected home in a few weeks on a visit, when Teresa and he were to be married, and to go out to New York together. I soon felt quite as though I knew him, what with all the likenesses Teresa showed me, and all the particulars she told me, not to mention the copious extracts I was allowed to read from his letters. They used both to write every day to one another and send off their

journals once a fortnight; it was easy to see they were *friends* as well as *lovers*, and it would be impossible to imagine two people more perfectly matched. Each was the life of the other's life, each had found the other human being suited to every fibre of their nature. My acquaintance with them made me half believe the fanciful German legend which teaches how souls are created in pairs, so that only in the rare cases when these brother and sister spirits meet, can true and lasting sympathy be experienced. At any rate their horizon was cloudless; young, rich, handsome, passionately attached to one another, they had all that this world can give.

II.

I don't know how it was, but sometimes, as I watched Teresa, the melancholy refrain of the French ballad, which tells how

Toujours les cœurs sensibles
Sont nés pour être malheureux

would persist in haunting me. I remember one day especially, when a letter had arrived from America, announcing the writer's very speedy return, and begging Teresa to send off her journal at once, and for the last time, she finished it up with an air of triumph, and joyfully pointed out to me the conclusion, "*Robert, toi que j'aime, adieu au revoir!*" Was it "*adieu au revoir*" indeed, but in a sense which was far from the mind of the writer when she used those words? Was the meeting so eagerly looked forward to to be still in the future, and she never to see Robert any more in this life! In due course my visit shared the

lot of all pleasant things in this world, coming to an end much too soon, at least for me, on a glorious autumn morning. I felt quite sad as the carriage which was to take me to the nearest railway station, eight miles away among the hills, drove slowly off, and I seem to see Teresa now, as she stood waving her farewells, a charming picture of youth, and happiness, and hope, framed in the gray arch of the ancient stone doorway. There is a German proverb which says, "Man soll den Tag nicht vor dem Abend loben," and on the day of my journey this proverb was literally verified, for I had not proceeded far on my way before I was overtaken by one of those storms which sweep down so quickly in mountainous districts. As I heard the thunder reverberating from peak to peak, and listened to the rain which beat against the carefully closed windows of the carriage, the idea kept presenting itself to my mind that perhaps the bright existence I had been so lately witness of, was also destined to be darkened before very long; certainly it seemed "almost too bright to last," to use the phrase which Teresa herself had applied to the weather only an hour or two ago. Her morning of life had been singularly fair and prosperous—were dark clouds then soon to overspread that clear and radiant dawn? She was an orphan, it is true, but her father had died whilst she was too young to be in any way conscious of her loss, and she had been at school almost continuously up to the time of her mother's death; ever since then she had lived in her uncle's house, and to Robert she could truly say—

Father to me thou art, and mother dear,
And brother too—

And now perhaps it was to be her lot to go through life without this one prop on which she reckoned so lovingly, and to be turned perforce to find her support in the only one friend who can never fail. I had hardly been home three days before I went down to my cousin Charles's for a fortnight, in a pretty little villa which he had taken. We were lounging about in the garden after the late dinner in the evening, when Charles pointed out to his little girl a fine swift steamer that came gliding up the water just after the sun had sunk far to the northwest. "It's an American," he said. "The German Lloyd, probably, from New York."

I was filled into a feverish anxiety—perhaps not quite feverish, for there was not so much restlessness about it. But a serious craving came over me to know whether Robert was not on board. The ship would go on to Hamburg or Bremen, I think, in the morning, or perhaps at once. How should I find out? I was afraid of Charles, lest he should cross-question me and laugh at me. "One of Ellen's freaks," he would say. So like a true diplomatist, I took his little wife aside, and asked her to help me.

"Don't tell him, my dear," she said, with great composure. "He thinks you are sometimes—well, imaginative and over nervous." (She meant to say a fidget and a bore, no doubt.) "But I'll drive you into Southampton in the morning, and, depend upon it, we'll find out something about the passengers."

I have much confidence in the little lady's way of managing what she wants, and so I left all to her. But I was not quite quiet all night. I felt as if I ought to get out of bed and pray for the dead, and for the living too—whenever I did so, I felt calmer. Very early in the morning I looked out. It was light enough to see the shipping on the water, and there lay still the vessel which I had determined should contain Robert. Perhaps, even, I might see him, and tell him about Teresa. So my half dreams went on, contradicting my more serious feelings.

We drove in after breakfast, and as Lucy had to call at a hotel, so it was that then, on the doorstep, we saw a gentleman and lady who had evidently just landed from the steamer. Lucy is as bold as a lion, and she went up quietly and asked the lady if she would excuse her—but was there a German gentleman on board the steamer? The lady's companion laughed outright, but she herself said very quietly, "You don't seem to know it is a German steamer. It is quite full of Germans—what is your friend's name? But even then I shouldn't know it."

"Allow me," said her husband. "Here is a list of the passengers in this newspaper. Perhaps you can find your friend for yourself."

Lucy handed me the paper. There, one of the very first was Robert's name. "Here it is," said I, joyously.

The gentleman took the list back for a moment, and I saw his face grow darker. He whispered a question to his wife, in which I could hear Robert's surname mentioned.

"Yes, that was the name," she said sadly.

Then with the most perfect kindness and gentleness she took my hand, led me aside, and asked me if the friend I asked after was a near relative, or a dear friend?—and she looked at me very tenderly.

Robert had gone on board with a fever on him, and had died on the voyage! "The captain," she said, "had a letter for his friends."

III.

WHEN the disease had run its course, and Robert had an interval of perfect consciousness, he had expressed his conviction that his end was drawing near. Never, perhaps, has a fuller cup, or one nearer to the lips, been dashed from any hand; but with the same courageous obedience which had taught his crusader ancestors to plant at any cost their sacred banner on the walls of Jerusalem, he said, "Dieu le veut! Dieu le veut!" and made the sacrifice of an existence which had been very rich in happiness. To do this cost him a bitter struggle. It was impossible he should think unmoved on the grief Teresa must suffer, or read, without many pangs of regret, her last letter, so full of joyous anticipation. He had just finished preparing her future home, too, in every detail of which he had delighted to study her tastes, for his character abounded in that thoughtful tenderness in little things, which one so rarely finds in a man, but which, when found, makes him irresistibly attractive. He came vic-

torious out of the struggle, however, and went to receive the reward which is promised to him "that shall overcome."

And so it came to pass that one day, among the letters which were laid upon the study table in the quiet deanery at Altbach, there appeared one from the captain, and, after Teresa's uncle had finished reading it, he sat for some time motionless, with his head between his hands. "How shall I tell her! How shall I ever tell her!" he repeated again and again. Teresa was all the while enjoying the autumn sunshine in her usual morning resort, the arbor I have described. The vines which climbed over it looked more beautiful than ever now, for their leaves were of many colors, and the clusters of grapes which hung from the roof had turned from green to purple. She possessed a rare skill in the arrangement of flowers, and she had gathered a basketful of the latest which had lingered in the garden, and was making a wreath for the fête of a friend in the town, when she heard her uncle calling from his window, "Teresa! Teresa! I want you, my child!"

She was well enough accustomed to be thus summoned, generally once or twice in the course of every morning, for her uncle used to ask her for whatever he wanted, as Johanna was always too busy to do anything for him at the exact moment when he wished it done, and he had been taught, by means of one or two sharp lessons, the inexpediency of disturbing his wife in the midst of her all-absorbing literary occupations. So Teresa ran merrily indoors, and upstairs, and

appeared on the threshold of the study with her half-finished wreath hanging over her arm, little thinking how her life was destined to resemble that wreath—the portion which was finished had been so joyous and so bright, the part which was to come was to be so cold and bare, not life indeed, but existence, a patient waiting for the end! Her uncle bade her come in and shut the door. Then, when she had settled herself on a low seat beside him, and he had stroked her dark shining hair, and kissed her forehead, he took her hand in his, and somehow got through his heavy task.

His sympathy, on that terrible morning, was the greatest help and support to her through the weary days that followed; she had loved him dearly always, but now she clung to him more than ever, for he was the only person who understood her character, or entered into her feelings. Her aunt was truly sorry for her, but she had all that impatience at the sight of sorrow, which is such a characteristic of unfeeling people. Johanna was extremely kind, but her kindness was somewhat blundering and clumsy, as indeed, considering her nature, it could, in the present instance, hardly fail to be, and her consolations always fell wide of the mark, though she was sincerely fond of her cousin, and would have done anything in the world to comfort her. She could not understand that there are griefs for which no consolation is possible in this life, and that there are wounds, the pain of which must be endured in patient silence until the dawning of that day on which all things shall

be made new. "My dear Teresa," she used to say, "you never can really tell what any one is until you live with him, and you might not have liked being in America. I'm sure Louis is very nice, and very fond of you; you must marry him after a time, and it certainly will be pleasant not to be obliged to leave Germany."

Poor Teresa! she had not even the satisfaction of tending Robert's grave. She thought the most terrible thing had happened to her that possibly could happen, not knowing that there are separations far more cruel than any which death can make, and that those are comparatively happy who lose their dearest by death and keep their hearts to the last.

Several years have passed since then. My kind old host is dead, and Johanna is married to "Karl," the young lawyer whose land adjoined her own. Her health and her spirits are as perfect as ever; she is entirely prosperous, and thoroughly happy. Teresa lives alone, with her uncongenial aunt, in the old house that overlooks the Neckar. Many and many an attempt has been made to draw her from her monotonous life. Over and over again she has been entreated to abandon it, but she

clings so fondly to one memory, that she refuses to replace it, and to each request her answer is the same—"Amicizia che può finire, non fu mai vera." She still sings "Robert, toi que j'aime," but softly now, and half to herself, as she wanders about her favorite garden in the long bright summer evenings; and, though she cannot help feeling lonely and sad sometimes, she is not unhappy, for she is learning to understand those words of her great namesake, "Solo Dios basta." She is content to

Take her way

Downhill, across a fair and peaceful land
Lapt in the golden calm of dying day;
Glad that the night is near, and glad to know
That rough or smooth the way, she has not far to go.

I have never seen her since the autumn morning which I have described above, although I have more than once been in Germany, and each time have received a pressing invitation to pay another visit to Altbach. But circumstances have always prevented me from doing this, and I am glad it has been so, for I would rather wait a little longer before I see Teresa again. I could not bear to mark the changes which time and sorrow must have made in the face I loved so well.

CHARITY THE TEST OF RELIGION.

WHEN sin entered the hearts of men, it not only severed the tie that united man to God, but also that which bound man to his fellow-man. The object of religion is to undo that which sin has done, and to do again that which sin has undone. Nay, more, it not only designs to remedy and restore all that sin has disorganized and destroyed, by binding man again in willing obedience and love to the throne of God, and knitting together again the broken strands of the chord of love which united him to his fellow-man, but to make these bonds of gentler, holier, and firmer materials, than those which at first composed them.

Hence it is that charity is the end of true religion, and the test by which it can be distinguished from those which are false. And the rule which our Saviour laid down,—“By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, if you have charity one for another” (St. John 13:35),—was not an accidental or arbitrary one, but one that grew out of the inmost nature of His religion, and that involved its final object and end.

So obvious has this become, that the false religions of the day, admitting the truth, yet not practicing it, and, indeed, not able to practice it, in connection with the errors on which they are built, all now professedly assent to it. It may seem strange that this is the case, that men should profess and extol that which they not only do

not possess, but whose principles they violate and continually contradict in fact. But however strange it may be, it is an anomaly that is neither new nor singular. It was by the promise of good, that Satan seduced our common mother, Eve. It was by a fallacious quotation of divine Scriptures that he sought to tempt our Saviour, and it is by the same method, that thousands, deceived by him, and self-deceived, now hide from their own eyes their rebellion against the Church, and seek to hide it from the eyes of others, and lead them also astray. In fact, this very artifice and delusion was foreseen by St. John, who has expressly warned the faithful against it in his exhortation: “My little children, let us not love in word nor in tongue, but in deed and in truth.” (1 St. John 3:18.)

It is not then by pretensions to charity, by mere eulogies of its principles, however eloquent or sincere they may be, so far as mere sentiment goes, but by the living constant practice of charity, “in deed and in truth,” that the true disciples of Christ are distinguished; and hence this forms the characteristic difference between His divine Church and the counterfeits that are constantly fabricated by men.

In pursuance of our design, let us first subject the condition of the ancient heathen world to this test.

But here, at the very outset, we are met by a serious difficulty.

The charm which has been thrown around everything classical, renders it almost impossible, within the compass of a few pages, to dispel popular illusions in regard to the real condition of the pagan world before the coming of our Saviour, and exhibit the heartless inhumanity, the entire want, and total ignorance, of every element of charity, which pervaded society. The revival of letters, after the Church had measurably educated and enlightened the masses of barbarians, who overran the civilized world during the commencement of the middle ages, has so heightened the enchantment, which distance, and the low condition of the arts and of literature that prevailed previous to that revival have thrown around ancient paganism, that even Christian scholars have ever found it an unwelcome task to lift the veil, and exhibit in its naked deformity, the worse than brutish cruelty which pervaded the most cultivated nations of heathen antiquity. The most thoroughly educated Christian books upon the ancient heathen world, through the beautifying medium of an educational process, which reveals the intellectual and æsthetic culture of the heathens, the perfect structure of their languages, their poetry, their eloquence, but throws into the background and carefully conceals their universal want of charity. To use the words of another: "So little is it thought proper to direct attention to the every-day life of those who rejoiced in being of one tongue with Homer and Virgil, that classical antiquity is surrounded in the fancy of most scholars with none but the fairest forms

of romance, grace, and beauty. 'Tis a vision of ripe culture and high refinement, of elegance in art and speech and song!" 'Tis as free from saddening memories as the picture of the richly sculptured and gracefully rounded mausoleum that revisits at times the mind of the traveller who once looked upon it with delight, in a distant land, when bathed in the golden light of an Eastern sunset, or gilded with the mild radiance of the moon floating through an Italian sky, but who never looked within that sculptured marble tomb, nor thought of the corruption which was enshrined within its beautiful form. And if in this way even the learned habitually close their eyes to the cruelty of ancient heathenism, the unlearned of course are entirely ignorant of it. The popular mind of Christendom has not the faintest idea of the social wretchedness and utter inhumanity from which a divine religion has rescued mankind.

The spirit of the present age, too, favors this ignorance. Modern society attributes nothing to the grace of God, but claims for man himself and his unaided human efforts the improvement in the relations of man to his fellow-man which has resulted from the Church, her agency, and labors. And modern professional scholars—in but too many instances utter unbelievers—like Gibbon and his followers, artfully portray the civilization of ancient society in glowing colors, keeping out of view its immorality and inhumanity, in order to contrast it favorably with their slighting and unjust descriptions of Christian society.

We fully acknowledge, then, the culture of ancient Paganism, its excellence in oratory, poetry, and the fine arts; but amid this and underneath it we find an utter want of charity. You search in vain the writings of the poets, orators, statesmen, and philosophers for a single line, teaching the duty of benevolence or setting forth the obligation of men to love their fellow-men.

Amid all their laws and political arrangements, the records of which have come down to us, you cannot find one providing for the relief of the poor and the suffering. Amidst the ruins of their public buildings, their theatres, their temples, their baths, you find not a single hospital or infirmary. This utter want of charity, this seeming total unconsciousness of even the slightest obligation to cherish compassion for the suffering, or love for man on the ground of a common humanity, pervaded alike Assyria, Babylon, Persia, Egypt, Syria, Carthage, Asia Minor, Greece, and Rome.

A few facts are all that our space will allow us to adduce in proof of this.

1. There is surely no stronger evidence of brutish heartlessness than the exposure of infants. Yet this was common in every ancient heathen land. "Too often the baby was left upon the marsh or on the dunghill, to wrestle but a little while for life with the famished dog or vulture. Millions of the forsaken offspring of the poor, and not always of them alone, among the heathens of every clime, had no other cradle, no other tomb." And this was not only permitted by law,

but also referred to by sages and philosophers not only without censure, but oftentimes with commendation. Aristotle (*Polit.* vii, 16) says that the exposure of infants was *permitted*, and was a common practice throughout *all the most civilized and highly polished nations*, except, he says, at Thebes alone; and at Thebes their fate was not much better, as the government there took charge of them to make them the *slaves for life* of any one who would rear them. And Tacitus singled out as a ridiculous national peculiarity of the Jews, whom he despised, the fact that they alone of all peoples in the world held child-murder to be a crime.

Is it necessary to adduce other evidence beyond this? We simply refer in a general way to the well-known fact of the sacrifices of human victims among all ancient heathen nations, and of their treatment of strangers, captives, gladiators, and slaves. Nor can it be alleged that this universal want of humanity, not to speak of benevolence or charity, this general cruelty, evidences simply that the practices of the heathen are not to be taken as proof of the general sentiments and principles which prevailed among them. For we find those practices referred to and commended by their sages, their statesmen, and their philosophers. A few references and we are done. In the palmy days of Greece, when at Athens flourished Pericles, Thucydides, Antipho, Damon, Phidias, Protagoras, Zeno, Euripides, and Sophocles, the disciples of the Stoics are taught in the very school of Zeno not only that it is lawful to eat human flesh,

but that *children may devour their own parents*. So says Diogenes Laertius.

Pass on to Rome. Julius Cæsar is said to have had a natural abhorrence of cruelty. Yet this mild and gentle Cæsar, on catching some pirates, crucified them all, because he had sworn that he would do so, but ordered that they first should have *their throats cut*. And Augustus Cæsar, round whose name cluster such memories and associations of elegance, refinement, and culture, caused a Roman knight, Quintus Gallius, to be cruelly tortured on mere suspicion, and when Gallius would not own to any evil design against Augustus, he, Octavius Augustus, commanded him to be put to death, having first with *his own imperial hands plucked out the eyes of the noble knight*. So, too, the same Augustus *broke both the legs of his secretary* because he accepted a bribe. And still once more, this same Cæsar Augustus, whose memory is still so honored and extolled by the lovers of literature, on the Ides of March orders an altar to be raised to Julius Cæsar. Mark Anthony and his friends have surrendered. The prisoners, brought out in crowds, are slaughtered in crowds. To the appeals of their relatives and friends the clement Cæsar has but one reply: "They must die!" But around that altar, three hundred of them, the flower of the Roman nobility, must die like sheep and oxen offered for sacrifice. So says Suetonius.

In regard to slaves, Homer says that Jupiter has deprived slaves of half the mind. Plato says: "In the mind of slaves

there is nothing sound or complete." Again: "Those who are inferior with respect to others, . . . those whose powers principally consist in the use of the body, the only service that can be obtained from them, are naturally slaves." Again: "It cannot be doubted that there are some men born for liberty, as others are for slavery; a slavery which is not only useful to the slaves themselves, but, moreover, just."

And the practice of the ancient heathen was in accordance with the maxims of their philosophers. The master had the unqualified right of life and death over them, which was exercised whenever passion or caprice urged it.

And not only were they regarded merely as *things* during the lives of their masters, but on their decease they were often put to death. When they became sick or decrepit with hard labor and severe usage, or infirm from old age, it was customary to expose them upon an island in the Tiber to perish miserably from starvation. Even Cato, the *Censor of morals*, thought that there could be no other tie between man and man than interest or necessity, and he accordingly "used his slaves like so many beasts of burden, and turned them off or sold them when they had grown old in his service."

We close our recital of ancient heathen cruelty by reference to the gladiators. And here, too, the cold thirst for blood has often been hidden by those who described those barbarous spectacles. Let us, then, hear Seneca the philosopher: "As soon as the men who were condemned to fight with wild beasts

were brought upon the arena, the spectators became the enemies of the human combatants, and desired nothing so much as to see them quickly slaughtered." If a human victim, torn by the wild beasts, was dragged out of the amphitheatre with some spark of life unextinguished, he was taken into the spoliarium, where the young athletæ practiced their barbarous art on the miserable remains which the wild beasts had spared. Lactantius tells us that when gladiators fought, if one of each pair of combatants did not quickly fall, "the whole assembly flies into a rage against them, and fresh couples must be brought to despatch one another more speedily." Tertullian says that when the bloody spectacle was over, the Roman knight returned to his palace still longing for blood, and "*supped on the flesh of bears and wild boars fattened on human flesh,*" or "*on the meat of the deer who had laid down in the blood of gladiators.*" And both Pliny and Lactantius state that "*the warm blood of gladiators was handed round the amphitheatre and drank by the spectators.*"

And when the gladiator, having fought bravely, was struck down, in vain he begged for mercy. The spectators demanded his death. "They gazed," says Lactantius, "at his gaping wounds, while the fallen combatant was still cut at, his very wounds probed and made sure of, and all his disfigured body slashed to pieces, lest he might feign death, and delude their expectations."

But we are sick of the picture. Of the ancient heathen it might

truly be said that their hearts knew no tenderness, and their houses were habitations of cruelty.

The picture which we have drawn may seem dark, but it is no darker than the reality. In vain will we study the habits and examine the literature of the ancient heathen world, in the hope of finding anything, in the form either of sentiment or practice, which will relieve it of the broad and sweeping charge of being entirely destitute of charity.

It is this more than anything else that marks the difference between both mediæval and modern society and that of Pagan antiquity, and the superiority of the former over the latter. As regards intellectual culture, and the administration of government, ancient heathenism was far in advance of the middle ages; and not far, if any behind the present time. But in regard to the apprehension of the obligations of charity, not to speak of their practice, the middle ages, rude, barbarous, and disorderly, as they in many respects were, still were immeasurably ahead of Egypt, Greece, and Rome in their palmyest days. The same remark holds good in regard to the difference between modern and ancient civilization. The superiority of the former over the latter consists not so much in increased knowledge, social culture, more perfect political arrangements, or more polished social customs; as, in the fact that now the truth is known and recognized, though, it must be confessed, by no means generally practiced, that perfect charity between man and man and between man and God is the great end of human life, and

the object towards whose realization all the forces of human society ought to be directed.

In another paper we may show how the Catholic Church, in the discharge of her mission, infused into society this principle of universal charity, and encouraged its

practice ; and also by way of contrast, how the sects, from time to time, have tried to imitate her, but have failed ; and have ever shown, in the real absence of charity among them, that they are not of divine origin, but the mere fabrications of men.

A CHILD AT PLAY.

A rosy child went forth to play,
In the first flush of hope and pride,
Where sands in silver beauty lay,
Made smooth by the retreating tide ;
And kneeling on the trackless waste,
Whence ebbd the waters many a mile,
He raised, in hot and trembling haste,
Arch, wall, and tower—a goodly pile.

But when the shades of evening fell,
Veiling the blue and peaceful deep,
The tolling of the vesper-bell
Called that boy-builder home to sleep ;
He passed a long and restless night,
Dreaming of structures tall and fair—
He came with the returning light,
And lo ! the faithless sands were bare.

Less wise than that unthinking child,
Are all that breathe of mortal birth,
Who grasp, with strivings warm and wild,
The false and fading toys of earth.
Gold, learning, glory—what are they
Without the faith that looks on high ?
The sand-forts of a child at play,
Which are not when the wave goes by.

ONLY A GLASS.

THEY sat in their respective homes. He was the schoolmaster's son, and she was the sexton's daughter. Yet they were lovers—nay, more, they were betrothed.

He, Tom Chester, was just leaving his home to fill an appointment as army doctor to a regiment; and Effie Gray sat nervously awaiting his coming to receive his tender farewell.

I do not know that many people would have thought Effie Gray pretty, if they were merely to look at her as she sat by the window quietly sewing. I rather think one needed to know her to discover her beauty, because the kind things she said sent such a winning look into her blue-gray eyes, and such a genuine smile to her pretty red lips, that you loved her at once, and her very loveliness made her beautiful.

It is a bright little apartment this of the sexton's, that serves in the capacity of kitchen and sitting-room; bright, although its pretty diamond-paned windows looked into the churchyard; a black, shining grate, a red glowing fire, and an aged but happy-looking father and mother sitting one at each side, engaged in cheerful conversation over the newspaper. The flag-stones of the floor literally shone with cleanness, while the vases of flowers which Effie had placed here and there filled the air with a delicious odor.

While Effie sat thus quietly (that is, outwardly quiet) awaiting the

arrival of her lover, Tom Chester sat in his own home impatiently awaiting the return of his brother, who had spent the day at a neighboring fair. There was no necessity for his being there—not the slightest; but Ned Chester's brother might be going off if he liked; it might be his father's funeral day, or the day of his mother's second marriage, but if there was a fair within twenty miles Mr. Ned Chester must attend it. A market-place full of horses was to him the dearest, sweetest spot on all the earth. Ned was the schoolmaster's youngest son, and had been indulged to an extraordinary degree, for Ned did just exactly what he pleased, and though he was twenty years of age, he had never given a single serious thought towards such a thing as a profession or trade. Still the good schoolmaster, whose fault was his gentleness (at his own fireside at least), knew that wonders were never ceasing, and hoped that on some of his coming birthdays he would discover his son to be possessed of common sense.

"I think, Tom, we had better take our tea," said Mrs. Chester, observing how often her son glanced up at the clock, and feeling annoyed at the neglect of his young brother.

"We may wait just a few minutes yet," said Tom, graciously, "Ned will not be long now, I am sure. Oh, there he comes," he added, glancing out of the window.

"You see, Tom," said Mrs. Chester, with a pleasant smile, "dear as

Ned may be to you, it might be much harder for you if you had not time to see some one else before leaving."

Tom colored just the least thing. Although his mother and all who knew him were aware of his engagement, this was the first time she had ever made a reference to it. And Tom was pleased that she seemed to do so with pleasure.

Mrs. Chester was one of the few who look to the happiness of their children. Had an accomplished daughter been determined to marry a poor man with fifteen shillings a week, she would have thought that there was much imprudence and impropriety in that; but her son Tom, a young man with a profession, and full of health and energy, marrying a poor girl who was educated and refined, was just the thing of which she could approve.

At last there was a step heard upon the stair, and then Ned Chester appeared. He was not a bit like what one could fancy a Ned to be. At least I should fancy a Ned something bold, dashing, or careless. But this Ned was a tall, thin, pink and white darling, with pouting red lips, and yellow curly hair; but indeed the pink of Ned's complexion on this particular evening was far from being confined to his cheeks. It was spread liberally over his neck and forehead, while the sparkle of his eye was much brighter than usual. Now I do not mean for a moment to insinuate that Mr. Ned Chester was the worse for liquor. I only mean to say that if he had made a resolution that morning to drink nothing but water, he had not kept it quite strictly.

He looked with a jealous eye

across the tea-table, half afraid that his mother and Tom, his most humble servants, had dared to take tea without his august presence. Mrs. Chester and her eldest son knew better than to begin and apologize to Ned for having the tea poured out, or to question him as to what had detained him, but with a cheery "Come away, Neddie; you're in excellent time," a cup and a chair being placed for him at the same instant, they chased away the gloom from his fair face, and very likely made him feel vexed that he had neglected his brother that day, even for the sake of the fair.

The good-byes, always a painful proceeding, being over in his own home, Tom Chester hastened to the home of his intended. Tom's frank manner and cheerful conversation had whiled away many a dreary winter evening at the sexton's fire-side, and the old man and his wife felt sad indeed at parting with him. He was to be gone for three years at least, and they had a feeling that they never should see him again.

When he had said all to the old folks that a kind heart could suggest, Tom hinted to Effie that it was time for her to put on her cloak and hat, for she was to accompany him to the railway station, which was about a mile off.

To attempt to relate all that Tom and Effie said as they walked leisurely along the road would, I fear, be presumptuous. The half-dozen pages of gushing love-talk that we often meet with in stories must be all the extravagant imaginings or the personal experience of the writer; for who ever heard all that a betrothed pair say to each other? They do not scream it out for the

benefit of the passers by. It is too sacred for that, or it ought to be. But one thing I am quite sure that Tom and Effie did not indulge in. There were none of those repeated promises of fidelity and truthfulness which are so often made by those who doubt each other's sincerity. They never for a moment questioned each other's constancy, yet they both felt inexpressibly sad. Nothing that the one could do was able in the smallest degree to lift the load from the heart of the other. As the train moved off, Effie grew so nervous that she clasped her hands convulsively together, and half-aloud murmured as she gazed after him, "I shall never see him again. This depression means something; he will die."

"He'll never marry her. She's seen the last of him," said the gossips; but of course the gossips would say that; spite and envy make people say anything. And Effie was not much of a favorite generally, although deeply beloved by the few who knew her. The fact was, Effie was superior to those with whom it was her lot to mingle, and because she was retiring she must needs be called proud and upsetting.

But it is the fate of superiority to suffer, because it shrinks from coarseness, and prefers solitude to uncongenial company.

Three years passed away, and Tom Chester's engagement was completed; and he did not renew it, but was coming home in the hope of a quiet practice in his native town, to marry Effie, and settle down in earnest married life.

The last one of these three years Effie had spent in the schoolmaster's family. Her parents had died, and they had taken the poor orphan to their home and hearts.

It was a happy meeting, indeed, when Tom Chester again sat in the midst of his family, and a pleasure to know that Ned was in a lawyer's office, and had got remarkably clever, had actually lost all taste for the fairs and horses, and had been a kind, gentle brother to Effie.

No time was lost in making preparations for the marriage, but still Effie could never see it. She looked forward, as people ever do, but could never see herself at the altar. When her mind tried to work up that picture, a mist was sure to arise before her.

It was Saturday night. The banns had just been put in. Effie and Tom had been "booked;" and Tom Chester, in the highest of spirits, was roaming through the town, his arm within that of his brother.

"Come," said Ned, pausing before the door of a hotel, "let us have a glass."

Tom shook his head, and drew back.

"I dare not, Neddie," he said.

"Why not?"

"Have you forgotten, my boy?"

"That fall you got so long ago, and hurt your head? Bah! You were a boy then; too much water would have intoxicated you. It is quite another thing now."

"But I swore that I never would taste it again."

"And do you mean to say that you have been three years an army doctor and have not tasted drink?"

"I mean that, I assure you—of course I have taken it by the express order of a medical man. It goes to my head, and makes me stupid."

"Have a glass at the express command of your brother," said Ned, swinging Tom in at the hotel door. To please his darling brother, Tom sat down with him at a table.

Ring the bell, Ned called for brandy. It was brought, and he pressed his brother to drink, holding out encouragement to him by swallowing glass after glass himself. Tom steadfastly refused, till his refusals caused his brother to be displeased.

"Well, then, I shall have a little just to please you," said Tom, "but only a glass." Remember that if I take a glass you will ask me to take no more."

"No more," said Ned.

"Then here's your health, Neddie;" and lifting the glass, he swallowed it as if it were poison.

"Now how do you feel?" said Ned, pleased that his brother had gratified him.

Alas! he had gratified him once too often.

"Supremely stupid," said Tom. "Oh, my head!" And he pressed his hand against his brow.

"That's the effect it would naturally have at first. Have a little more, Tommy, and you will be quite jolly."

Tom was stupid enough to do anything now, and he drank till his brother would let him drink no more; then at a late hour they staggered home, Ned, however, having all his senses about him. He had got too well used to brandy

to lose his senses by the drinking of a few glasses.

Happily the house had retired to rest. Effie, who had been rather unwell during the past week, had gone to bed at an early hour, so that she did not witness her lover's disgrace.

Tom fell into an uncomfortable sleep, from which he was aroused by his mother knocking at his door.

"Tom, Tom," she cried, "Effie is ill. Come upstairs quickly."

Tom, who had gone to bed only partly undressed, started up at once, and ran to Effie's room.

He looked at her, said she was nervous and feverish, and needed something to soothe her. He'd make her all right in a few minutes. Going down to his closet he made a preparation, and brought it up to Effie. She drank it, while he tenderly supported her with one arm, holding the glass in his other hand. She grew calm, and seemed to fall into a sound sleep, and Tom, still feeling stupid, hurried back to bed.

A few more hours of fitful sleep, and with the gray dawn of morning Tom was again aroused, not by a mere knocking at his door this time, but by loud cries and lamentations that sounded through each corner of the house.

"Effie is cold! Effie is stiff! Effie is dead!" cry the inmates in a chorus. "Tom, Tom, where are you?"

Tom was in the midst of them in an instant, in his fullest senses now; aye, and in the deepest misery too. Glaring down on the dead face of Effie, his own countenance almost equally livid, he took her hand in his. "Yes, dead—murdered—poisoned!" he said. Then, with a loud

cry, he fell upon the floor, the blood issuing from his mouth and nostrils. They went into his closet; there was the proof as clear as day. Tom had put laudanum into Effie's soothing draught in mistake for something else.

Ned was frantic with grief and remorse. "It is I who am the murderer," he moaned, as he knelt weeping by his brother's couch. "It is I indeed—I who forced him to take it. He hated it, and I made him do it. Oh, that one accursed glass! It urged you on to take all the rest, Tom—Tom, my only darling brother!"

* * * * *

"Mother, is that the Sunday bells I hear?"

"Yes, my boy."

There was a pause. Tom moved his long slender hand, and pushed back the heavy mass of brown curls from the white clammy brow. His soft brown eyes opened slowly, and through his pale lips he murmured,—

"Mother, I shall never hear them ring again."

"Oh, Tom!"

"Oh, mother, poor mother;" and dropping his head heavily upon his breast, he moaned in deep pain.

By and by the moaning ceased, and he spoke again.

"Bring Neddie here."

His brother was brought, and knelt by his side. Lifting the glass of water that stood on the table beside him Tom took his brother's hand, and twined his about it, mur-

muring, "Water, Neddie; only water." Then he clasped his hands upon his breast, and seemed to listen. "Hark, what is that? 'Tis the children singing in the chapel, and last Sunday I led them. Ah! it is the *De Profundis* they sing. How sadly sweet it sounds!" he murmured, as the plaintive notes were borne softly along on the balmy morning air. Raising himself slightly, he tried to join them, but soon failed for lack of strength. And in a few hours his soul had joined his bride in heaven.

On the Friday of that week, instead of a bridal party, two coffins wreathed with immortelles were borne to the chapel, and thence to the churchyard.

"Why did you make it so tragical?" some will say.

"Because I wish it to be natural," is my reply. "Stories may all end with a happy marriage if the writer chooses, but it is departing from real life, and consequently from truth."

Many a one pauses at the simple marble cross which marks the resting-place of Effie and Tom, and often is the tragical story told. And many a tear is shed when one thinks of all that might have been and of what was; of Tom's goodness, manliness, and love, his youth, and his fair prospects; and know how suddenly and how sadly they were all blighted. And, after all, it was "Only a glass."

THE PERSECUTION IN GERMANY.

THE enemies of the Catholic Church in Germany have apparently considered that the opportune time has at length arrived for the commencement of the threatened persecution. The unification of the Fatherland being now completed, and the Emperor William being as securely seated on his throne as was ever the Emperor Napoleon, there is no further need for that prudent reserve which, we are reminded, the Lutherans and Secularists were compelled to display so long as there were still independent Catholic States within the German frontier, and an unconquered France beyond the Rhine. In this proceeding there is to be seen but a repetition of the traditional honesty of the anti-Catholic revolution. Tens of thousands of Catholic soldiers have died to consolidate the new empire; and the first use which the heirs of Frederick II, the robber of Silesia and partitioner of Poland, make of the power that has been bestowed on them—the first act of gratitude which the Cabinet of Berlin has to perform—is to plan the outlawry and plunder of the Religious Orders of Catholicity. In due course of time additional steps will be taken. There are Catholic Bishops who will not give unto Cæsar the things that are God's. There are Catholic Chaplains who will not admit that faith and conscience have been surrendered at the taking of the military oath. An example must be made of such offenders, and we are promised

that the punishment will be both sharp and sudden. The worship of the State is to be the sole religion, and whosoever refuses to pay divine honors to a Parliamentary majority shall be a heretic traitor. The *Times*, with that surprising perspicuity which frequently distinguishes it, has discovered that the new feature of the contest in which the Catholic Church is involved to-day is that it is “a conflict between Popery and civil government.” A new feature, forsooth! And was not the contest between the Church and the Pagan emperors “a conflict between Popery and the civil government,” similarly the contest between the Church and the Arian emperors, and similarly that between the Church and the Hohenstauffen emperors, and that between the Church and the Tudors, and between the Church and the infidel revolution.

It was a rare tissue of fables that the Federal Commissary charged with the introduction of the Bill against the Religious Orders propounded for the edification of the Bundesrath. The patriotic Jesuits of Germany, 200 of whom have received decorations from the Imperial Government in consequence of their exemplary exertions in the field hospitals during the war, were represented to be the active agents of a conspiracy for the purpose of preparing the overthrow of Germany by France. It is unnecessary to descend to details. The broad outline of the story is sufficient to show how perfectly at home Dr.

Titus Oates would find himself in some quarters of contemporary Germany. And it is upon charges of this description that the great teaching and preaching orders of Catholicism in Germany, the Jesuits and the Redemptorists, have been adjudged guilty by the Lutherans and Secularists, to whose envenomed prejudice the counsellors of Prussia have appealed. Perhaps it is only surprising that a vast scheme of universal assassination, by virtue of which every loyal German was to wake some fine morning with his throat cut, has not also been ascribed to the victims of Prussia's calumnies. Indeed, we are reminded by the incident of Emil Westerwelle, that the Cabinet of Berlin tried hard to attach a charge of the kind to the objects of its enmity. The bad success of the Westerwelle accusation may account for the present absence of a similar indictment.

It is of little moment to waste words upon the groundlessness of the charges levelled against the Religious Orders. The wolf was not to be turned from its fell purpose by the pleadings of the most evident truth. As we have said already, the Lutherans and Secularists of Germany believe themselves to be sufficiently strong to declare their long-dissembled hatred of the Catholic faith, and they are accordingly displaying it. Unfortunately the injury with which Catholicity is threatened is great. There is, indeed, a distinction observable between the penal proposals of the Government and the penal proposals of the Reichstag. The Government would be satisfied with being "enabled" to expel the Re-

ligious Orders at will. "The numbers of the Order of the Society of Jesus and kindred Orders, *can*, even though possessing the German nationality, &c., &c." On the other hand, the Reichstag prefers to have done with the Religious Orders on the spot. The Jesuits and kindred Orders are to be suppressed throughout the whole of Germany within six months. Foreign Jesuits are to be expelled. Jesuits who happen to be German citizens, are, in delicate recognition of their civic rights, to be "interned" by the police authorities. That is to say, the police authorities are empowered to keep such Jesuits as are Germans under the strict guard and confinement implied in the phrase "forced residence." As for the magnificent establishments of the Society, they must share the ruin of the German branch of the Order, though their definite confiscation does not seem to have been decreed so far. Along with the Jesuits, the Christian Brothers are similarly proscribed, and thus the Catholics of Germany are deprived at a single blow of the teachers of their primary schools as well as of their higher educational institutions. In fact, there can be no doubt that the disorganization of Catholic education is the principal end contemplated by the persecuting edict.

Of the forty millions who inhabit the dominions of the German Empire, no less than fifteen millions are Catholics, and it becomes a matter of serious consideration with what amount of equanimity so powerful a minority will consent to witness the insult and spoliation which are intended for their faith.

Certainly, if the Catholics of Germany are resolute, the attempt to degrade their independence and outrage their conscience will be a lame and impotent fiasco. But will they be resolute? It is in the interests of Germany itself that their resolution will be shown, for it is very evident that the course which the present rulers of German destinies are pursuing, can have no happier results than has followed Josephism in Austria, and so-called Liberalism in Italy, Spain, and France. We are inclined to believe that there are limits to Catholic endurance, and we believe that we have grounds for affirming that there is a remarkable development of Catholic spirit even in the Bavaria of Lutz and Hohenlohe. We will relate one significant event in the regretful language of the *Indépendance Belge*, whose delicate Liberalism is inexpressibly shocked at the turn which events are taking: "It is already known," writes the secularist journal, "that the University of Munich presents professors of its choice to the nomination of the Government; that the Government, compelled by the Chamber of Deputies, has offered to the Academic Senate a subsidy for the celebration of the approaching quarter-century of the University on the con-

dition that Infallibilist candidates should be presented to the theological chairs, which are not even vacant, but occupied by the most distinguished ornaments of Germany; that the Academic Senate has naturally refused the subsidy on such terms. . . . The Bavarian Government has just nominated by its own authority two Infallibilists to the two most important chairs, those of Canon Law and Ecclesiastical History." The *Indépendance Belge* adds, with considerable truth, that this decided measure exhibits a considerable change from certain anterior proceedings of the Bavarian Government. We have to add that the Bavarian Government has not only acted in conformity with the Catholic feeling of Bavaria, but with perfect legality, as, indeed, the *Allgemeine Zeitung* confesses. We trust to see further manifestations of the determination of the Catholics of Germany to maintain the dearly bought liberties which have descended to them from generations of noble ancestors. Certainly if a secularizing centralism is to be permitted to have its way unchecked, the violation of Catholic conscience will not be limited to the expulsion of the Regular Orders nor to the introduction of civil marriage.

TIMOTHEUS;

OR, THE DAYS OF ST. PETER.

ON the fifteenth day of the calends of February, in the year from the building of Rome 796, there entered the gates of the Imperial City two lowly wayfarers from Palestine.

They might have passed for father and son, if difference of years had alone been considered; but from the air and the whole deportment of the younger, in whom the gravity of manhood was still blended with the modest gracefulness of youth, it was easy to discern that no tie of earthly kindred united him to the venerable stranger, by whose side he walked in the reverential attitude of a disciple.

Threescore years and upwards seemed to have passed over the old man's head. He was bald, the crown encircled with a wreath or fillet of hair, like his beard, which was not white or flowing, but crispy, and of a silvery gray. His brow was elevated, as if in lofty thought; his cheeks were furrowed by tears; his whole aspect was pale, and of an expression that imparted a certain air of dignity to a person rather less than the middle size; his eye, vivid as the lightning-flash, indicated an impetuous spirit, but his glance was tempered by humility. A reed, terminating in a écross, was his only staff; and even this he seemed to carry as an emblem of his mission, rather than a prop to support his infirmity. About him was the appearance of

mystery that baffled the conjecture it excited. He looked like an ambassador—the agent of some mighty enterprise—yet who more destitute of everything that distinguishes the representative of an earthly potentate. Unheralded by pomp, jaded and travel-stained, he journeyed on with his meek companion, barefooted and in silence. If noticed, it was to be scoffed at, or eyed with contempt by the proud throng hastening to the metropolis of the world.

The pilgrims moved slowly onward through the double range of sepulchres that lined the way, for tombs and costly mausoleums, adorned with statuary and precious marbles, studded the great thoroughfare for many a mile beyond the city gates. And as if death had come to welcome to his carnival the myriads hastening on, the brave, the gay, and the ambitious, in pressing forward, were encountered by funeral processions, which issued forth towards the suburbs in all the ostentatious pomp and circumstances of pagan mourning.

Absorbed in thought, the pilgrims turned aside from the great Appian thoroughfare, close to the tombs of the Horatii, and crossed the Via Latina, in order to reach the Asinarian gate, which was comparatively unfrequented.

Immediately within the walls to the left, upon a gentle eminence called Cœli Montana, stood a palace,

of extent and aspect so imposing that it might have passed for the palace of Cæsar; yet to this edifice it was that the lowly wayfarers directed their steps without a moment's hesitation, for it was the first they met.

The gates of bronze were flung wide open, and looked as burnished as the portals of Olympus. They ascended the marble flight which led to the platform in front of the palace portico, entered the vestibule meekly, but still with the unhesitating tread of those who are conscious that their errand deserves a welcome; nor were they barred of entrance by the *Ostiarii*, or porters who lounged about, nor did they pause till they came to the first Atrium, or grand reception-hall.

The pilgrims continued to advance through galleries and saloons, and suits of stately apartments without end—a labyrinth of ever-increasing splendor; but they paused not to gaze or to wonder at the strange magnificence. The entire palace was lighted up and decorated for some grand festivity, as if for the reception of a bride.

At last the swell of distant music burst upon the ear, and directed by the sound, the pilgrims proceeded to the interior recess of the palace, where lay the triclinium or hall of the feast. It was a sumptuous apartment, oblong in form, and divided, as to style and decorations, into two equal parts. The greater division was occupied by the guests, disposed upon couches on that side only next the colonnades, so that the various attendants and ministers of the feast were quite free to move about in the centre space, ex-

tending from the cross-table at the head between the two lateral ones, down the second or lesser division of the hall occupied by the orchestra, and the stage for jugglers, dancers, and the pantomimes, who exhibited during the pauses of the long-continued banquet.

Stretched upon couches made of bronze, overlaid with gold and silver and tortoise-shell, and covered with mattresses of Gallic wool, dyed purple, and pillows and cushions of the softest down, the lordly voluptuaries were regaled with every dainty of air, earth, and ocean, whilst nymph-like forms were stationed around, with fans and vases of perfume, or moved about the couches to the sounds of soft melody, with goblets of racy wine; others burned incense, or placed fresh viands and flowers on the altars of the household gods, or fed with fragrant oil the lamps that cast a mellow splendor on the scene.

The strains of enchanting music, which had guided the pilgrims from a distance, seemed to faint away and die in swan-like agonies, and all was still and silent as a dream when the venerable stranger and his disciple appeared upon the threshold of that hall of pleasure. Their eyes were downcast, and it was well, for ill would they have brooked to look upon the scene of wantonness and sin. The apostle lifted up his hand as if in act to bless, saying, "Peace be to this house," "And to all who dwell within," responded his meek disciple.

Like the summer sea, when the tornado breathes upon it, the lord of the feast sprang up. He wrung

his hands, he shrieked in transports of fury at the messengers who had announced a blessing to his house. And the domestics seized them and cast them forth.

"O, my divine Master!" said the venerable man, as he was lifted up by his disciple from the spot where they had left him for dead, "it is meet and just, for Thou also didst come unto Thine own, and Thine own did not receive Thee, but disowned and rejected Thee with cruel and ignominious outrages. Why, therefore, should not Thy unworthy vicegerent, on entering his own see for the first time, be treated like Thee with insult? But suffer not, O Lord, that our first benediction in this predestinated city, the metropolis of Thy earthly kingdom, should prove abortive! Yes, they have rejected Thy peace," he continued, after a moment's ecstasy, as he gazed upon the palace of Lateranus (for Plaitus Lateranus was the lord of the palace and the feast), "and, therefore, this proud pile shall fall, but upon its ruins shall rise the mother and the queen of a regenerated world!"*

St. Peter, for it was he, shook the dust from his feet, and with his meek and humble disciple and amanuensis, St. Mark, pursued his way rejoicing.

The venerable apostle, on recovering from the rude shock he had sustained from the brutality of Plaitus Lateranus and his attendants, arose and continued his way till he reached the palace of the senator Pudens, which was on that

memorable day the house of mourning. Therein were assembled the most distinguished characters of the age, for Servilius Pudens had the singular good fortune to be courted and esteemed by the best and greatest of all parties, who now vainly endeavored to soothe the father's grief; for his son and heir, Timotheus, a youth of extraordinary promise, had been torn from his embraces the very day he had received the "manly toga," by a premature and untimely death. His obsequies, celebrated from the first with patrician pomp, and with a prodigality of distracted fondness, had been resumed with increasing ardor, as night, for the third time, expanded her wings above the house of mourning; and like the sounds of a distant ocean, one time swelling, another time subsiding, to return anon with a hoarser and louder roar, the reverberations of the mirth and saturnalian revelry that reigned in every triclinium, saloon, and atrium of the immense palace were audible at intervals, even in the remote apartment where Pudens had retired with the most illustrious of his kindred and acquaintances. Amongst the latter were nearly all the most distinguished characters in Rome; and to the inexperienced, or at a first glance, they looked like a little senate; but on a close observation almost every trait of resemblance with that body vanished: they were extraordinary men, and in other ages would have been good men, but it was their unfortunate destiny to have fallen upon times when despotism had interdicted every field to honorable enterprise and emulation, and constrained

* In fulfilment of this prediction, the Lateran Palace became the property of the emperors. It was given by Constantine the Great to Pope St. Sylvester, with other rich possessions in Italy.

even the well-disposed to assume the disguise of worthlessness and depravity.

"Whom the gods love, die young, Servilius," exclaimed Threseas Petus. "O, Timotheus! thrice happy yet lamented youth, a premature and therefore an enviable death has rescued thee not only from the ordinary ills of life, but from the inexpressible disgrace of acquiescing in the degradation of thy country, when Rome lies crouching at the feet of Agrippina!"

"Life! alas, what is it but a loan, held at the caprice of nature?" interrupted Cassius. "Yes; happiest lot of all were it never to have seen the light; and next most blissful state, to cast off speedily the burden of existence, and depart early from this vain world, where all is sorrow: truly he who dies young dies the best."

By remarks of this nature it was that the sympathizing guests sought to solace the grief of the heart-broken father; but on the true source of comfort, a future state of bliss, they did not touch.

In the midst of this conversation the porters, or *ostiarii*, announced to the afflicted lord of the palace that two strangers from Palestine had arrived at his gates, and demanded entrance within his walls.

Adorned with many virtues, Servilius Pudens was peculiarly distinguished for his hospitality. His domestics and retainers had it in command to welcome the stranger, and to dispense his bounty freely to those who came for sustenance to his gates; but he suddenly felt himself impelled to discharge personally these kindly offices to the lowly wayfarers just announced.

He arose without a moment's delay, followed the *ostiarii* to the very portals of his palace, and welcomed the strangers with gentle kindness. His feelings attuned to even more exquisite sensibility than usual by domestic sorrow, he felt powerfully affected at beholding the marks of violence and indignity still visible upon the meek form of the venerable apostle; and although unable to account for the emotion, he experienced a feeling of ineffable comfort when the saintly pilgrim invoked peace upon his house. He took him by the hand with cordiality, treated him with the tenderest solicitude, and conducted him to the saloon where his chosen patrician guests discoursed.

The return of Pudens accompanied by St. Peter was to them like an apparition from the tomb. Astonishment at the appearance of the latter held the patricians mute; and notwithstanding his rude garb and diction, their haughty spirits quailed beneath the words which fell upon them, like thunderbolts of inspiration. He spoke to them of Jesus of Nazareth; proved that He was the Christ, the deliverer, the promised, the long-expected Saviour; the way, the truth, and the life; the way rendered plain by His own example, and leading with infallible certainty to an after-life, a heaven of eternal repose, of joy, of peace, and immortality; the truth long searched for in vain by philosophy, now revealed audibly by God's own mouth; the life, not derived as by a stream, but self-existing, as in the fountain-head, from all eternity. Deeply astounding was it to them to hear the problem of religion solved with fa-

cility by a Jewish fisherman ; that problem which had baffled the pride of Grecian genius and Roman judgment.

In his doctrine they discerned all that consummate statesmanship and the experience of centuries had suggested to their ancestors ; a solemn worship based upon august and sacrificial rites, calculated to impress the public with awe and veneration for the divine Majesty. But how determine whether the religion he preached was true, knowing, as they well did, that the religion of their forefathers was an imposture,—a grand and admirable scheme founded on falsehood ? How did they know, how could they be certain, that this system of the pilgrim fisherman was really based upon truth ? Was a Jew less likely to prove an impostor than Pompilius ? Where were his vouchers for the divinity of the Nazarene ? Where were his own credentials that he had been sent ?

Whilst all these interrogatories struggled in the breasts of his auditors, how different were the feelings to which his words gave rise in the heart of the hospitable, the broken-hearted father ! It was not the hope which emanates from trust in the words of man ; it was not the skepticism of affection, incredulous to the silence and decay by which death proclaims his jurisdiction, and sets his seal upon the cherished object, that was generated in the heart of Pudens, and at length found utterance upon his lips, as he interrupted the venerable apostle with a profession of faith in Christ's divinity, and in his own power as the vicegerent of that Redeemer, who had taken pity

on the widowed mother of Nain, and restored her departed son to her embraces, and who sympathized in the tears of Martha and Mary, for the loss of Lazarus, their beloved brother. Earnestly did he implore the venerable stranger to take pity on his own grief, and to restore to him, as a proof of the truth of his mission, his beloved Timotheus. Hope struggled in his breast, and coiled itself round his heart, and yet the contending feelings of fear seized upon his brain almost to bewilderment, when the apostle, yielding to his prayer, rose up, and in accents soft and sweet, and hopeful as those of the angel to Agar in the wilderness, desired the parent to conduct him to the chamber where reposed the mortal remains of his beloved and lamented boy.

Followed by his noble guests, the afflicted Pudens led the apostle to where the nuptials of death were celebrated. The boisterous revel paused for a moment, as the patrician moved along the brilliant galleries and through the halls of the vast palace, spread with banqueting and crowded with the feasting multitudes. But again it rushed on, and resounded like a tempest after the lull of an instant ; or like a torrent, which becomes more ungovernable by being checked.

Purchased sympathy and hypocritical lamentation were at their orgies in the sanctuary of death itself. The senator waved his hand : the giddy dance stood still ; the pantomime looked grave ; the timbrel, the madrigal, and the flute were hushed ; and every eye followed the sorrowing father as he

led the stranger towards the dead body of his child.

"His snowy neck reclines upon his breast,
Like a fair flower by the keen share oppressed,
Like a white lily sinking on the plain,
Whose heavy head is overcharged with rain."

The boy was habited as on a holiday, and reclined upon a glittering couch, as if reposing after the toils of sport. A stole of white flowers fell from his shoulders over his spotless raiment; the lily and the rose were twined with his clustering ringlets; but their bloom only served to deepen the shadows that overcast that countenance, so lately beaming with joy. Every lineament was steeped in the noisome mildew of the grave. That form, which used to move in all the martial sports and exercises of Roman boyhood, with agility and grace that enchanted every beholder, was now still and motionless as a Parian statue. That eye, once so full of Roman majesty and ambition, was now shrouded in eternal night. The lips, already livid and conglutinated with the slime of dissolution, were unable to utter even one syllable of comfort to the afflicted father, as he bent in anguish over the wreck of his most cherished hopes.

Grace chastens and elevates without extirpating the affections. Whilst at a distance, absorbed in lofty thought and speculation, and under the excitement of the Apostle's inspired words, Pudens had felt a glow of hope around his heart; but, when he gazed upon the figure of his son, lapsing with awful rapidity to decay, he wrung his hands, he shook his aged head in despair, and turned his streaming eyes upon the pilgrim.

By this time the noble spouse of Pudens, Claudia, not less celebrated for her beauty and virtue than her high birth, as daughter of Caractacus, distracted with woe, and followed by the chief kindred and friends, of their illustrious lineage, arrived with her lovely daughters Pudentiana and Praxides at the scene of death. The sorrow-stricken mother could not endure the sight, and swooned in the arms of her faithful attendants; whilst the fair young girls commenced a piteous wailing; they innocently called upon Timotheus to awake; they took him by the marble-cold hand with fondness, and, after again and again invoking him by name, as if he still lived, they gently drew the Apostle towards the bier, praying at the same time that he would awake their beloved brother. And St. Peter, looking on them with tenderness, burst into tears.

The guests, who had now assembled from all quarters, began to cast angry looks at him, whose emotion passed with them for the trepidation of an unveiled impostor. A malediction was hovering upon many a tongue; many an arm was already raised to seize the old hypocrite, who dared to trifle thus with the sorrows of a noble family. When St. Peter, serenely elevating his eyes and hands to heaven in prayer, invoked the Omnipotent One in behalf of the departed youth.

Whoever has been in his early days a pilgrim in the glowing south will hardly be lonesome in old age. Memory will have many a verdant spot to rest upon during the pilgrimage through life's desert in

after years, associations from which neither age nor care can wholly separate it; reveries celestial and refreshing. But amongst them all none will be more brilliant than that of sunrise amongst the Apennines; where morning does not steal through the twilight, but bursts upon the mountain-tops in full splendor, like the Deity coming to judgment. And thus it was that life, balmy and refulgent, dawned, "like the blushing morn," over the body of Timotheus. He breathed,—he panted,—he bounded from the bier like an angel from his rest; and his voice, musical as Nature's matin song, broke forth.

It was long before rapture and astonishment could spare one thought to him who had restored the youth to animation. The parents embraced their child, and pressed him alternately to their bosoms, as if beside themselves with joy. They bathed his warm cheeks with gushing tears; they overwhelmed him with the most passionate caresses; they gazed

upon him—the delight of their eyes—as if incredulous, and again pressed him to their fond hearts. Pudentiana and Praxides folded their lovely arms around him, and, with tears which reflected the radiant affection of their brother's smile, upbraided him with their recent sorrow, and made him promise not to die again.

He, who had passed through the gates of death, had, at the Apostle's prayer, returned to his brethren with tidings that there awaited them beyond the grave, not an elysium such as poets sung, but such a heaven as eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to picture.

The senator Pudens, who received baptism from the hands of the Apostle, had the inestimable happiness of preserving unsullied his baptismal innocence to the end of his life. He is commemorated in the Roman martyrology, together with the Virgin Pudentiana, on the 19th of May.

Thou canst accomplish all things, Lord of might!
 And every thought is naked to Thy sight.
 But, oh! Thy ways are wonderful, and lie
 Beyond the deepest reach of mortal eye.
 Oft have I heard of Thine almighty power,
 But never saw Thee till this dreadful hour.
 O'erwhelmed with shame, the Lord of life I see,
 Abhor myself, and give my soul to Thee.
 Nor shall my weakness tempt Thine anger more:
 Man was not made to question, but adore.

"I AM WEARY—TAKE ME HOME."

THE pageant was imposing, and the gay assembled throngs,
With plaudits loud and rapturous, rewarded siren songs;
The players donned their regal robes as mimic kings and queens—
Ah! gold is oft to tinsel changed when viewed behind the scenes!
I knew there was one saddened heart which made an inward moan,
In all that goodly companie—for that heart was my own.

A chord was touched—a nerve was thrilled—yet 'twas no dulcet strain
Awoke the spell old strains can weave—wild memories of pain;
But 'twas because a little child, a fondled child, was nigh,
That recollection wandered back to scenes and days gone by;
Supported by a mother's arm, to rest her drooping head—
"I am weary—take me home," the engaging prattler said.

No longer that gay scene I saw—the song I heard no more—
For I was bounding merrily across a greensward floor;
And angel forms, that flew away in young life's happy hours,
Disported with me once again all garlanded with flowers:
But when the lambs were in the fold, when gloaming hour had come,
The whisper came as surely—"I am weary—take me home."

The vision changed—I stood within a dear familiar room:
'Twas darkened, and I long essayed to penetrate the gloom;
With silent awe I recognized a white-robed suffering saint
Waning towards eternity, with scarce a mortal taint;
She spoke with patient sweetness (surely angels waft such sighs)—
"I am weary—take me home"—then on earth she closed her eyes.

I gaze upon the stage of life—I know its tinsel glare,
Its hollowness and falsity, its promises so fair.
Its scenes of misery I view with sympathizing heart,
Yet in its bright illusions never more to play a part.
Life's day is short—I rouse from sleep, for gloaming hour doth come,
When the pleading prayer ascends—"I am weary—take me home."

FANCIFUL INSANITY.

SEVERAL classifications have been suggested of the varieties which madness assumes, but the present notes are confined to that ideal or fanciful insanity exhibiting vivacity of imagination, when the brain is filled with strange and whimsical conceits.

An educated man, whose mind had a philosophic turn, believed that the entire surface of the globe was formed of thin glass, beneath which he perceived and traced serpents of all sizes without number. He trembled and feared to tread on the brittle expanse, lest it should break, and he should fall through and be devoured by the monsters he saw beneath. Another man of letters fancied that his legs were made of glass, and that they would inevitably break if he rose from his bed and stood upon them. A poet of Amsterdam carried the notion further, for he absolutely could not be induced to sit down—under an apprehension that his brittle and transparent foundation, if it touched a chair, would be shivered to atoms. A once eminent painter remained a whole winter in bed, imagining that his bones were as soft and flexible as wax, and that if he attempted to stand upon them they would give way under his weight, and his body would sink down into a misshapen mass. Others have fancied themselves made of butter, and have been fearfully apprehensive of melting away. Mr. Haslam mentions the case of a man of letters who, in addition to wearing a

thick flannel nightcap, always slept with his head in a tin saucepan, in order, as he said, to exclude the intrusions of the *sprites*. The feature in the human face which has occasioned most uneasiness in the minds of madmen has been the nose. One man believed that his nose had grown to such a size, that he was afraid of stirring 'out of doors, or of being seen in the streets, lest people should tread on it as they passed him by. Another imagined that his nasal organ dangled from his face like the proboscis of an elephant, and that it was constantly so much in his way at dinner, that he could not prevent it from dipping into and floating in the dishes. We read of a man who not only saw, but felt, a pair of stag's antlers growing from his forehead; and of persons of both sexes who fancied themselves grains of wheat, and were in constant apprehension of being gobbled up by fowls. In an Irish lunatic asylum there were, not long ago, three patients whose insanity assumed a most whimsical turn. One was persuaded he was an umbrella, and would remain for hours lying up against the wall in a corner of his apartment. Another fancied he was a clock, and would repeat the tick and the motion of the pendulum until nature was exhausted. The third patient believed he was a hen, engaged in the process of incubation, and used to remain for hours squatting over imaginary eggs. The quiet perseverance of

this poor lunatic had something so indescribably earnest about it, as almost to neutralize the ludicrous effect of the prolonged and barren process in which days and months were consumed.

A patient in — Hospital felt convinced that he had been hatched at his father's door by the sun, and that he had commenced his existence as a *flea*, but had been, when two years old, metamorphosed into a boy. Another believed that he was Atlas, carrying the world on his back, and always expressed intense alarm lest it should fall and crush, not only himself but all mankind. Baron Larrey relates an instance where the imagination realized the fiction of Swift in Gulliver's travel to Brobdignag, by magnifying to the eye ordinary men to the stature and dimension of giants. The ear, too, by which we receive impressions of "the airy tongues that syllable men's names," has been an endless organ of delusions, in sounds musical as well as inharmonious. While some men have believed themselves endowed with the power of flying like birds through the air, others have fancied that they possessed the faculty of hanging in a state of suspended animation, like bats. Many have imagined themselves transmuted into wolves, dogs, cats, game-cocks, cuckoos, pipkins, and teapots. To this strange fancy, Pope thus alludes in describing the Cave of Spleen:

"Unnumbered things on either side are seen,
Of bodies changed to various forms by spleen,
Here living teapots stand, one arm held out,
One bent—the handle this, and that the spout.
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod walks,
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pie talks."

In a note on this passage, Bishop

Warburton states as a fact that an English lady of distinction actually fancied herself a goose-pie. Strange as these phantasies are, they are scarcely more remarkable than the effects insanity produces upon the sensation and nerves. It would seem sometimes to deprive its victim of the sense of cold, for it is common for a lunatic to tear off all his clothes, the want of which he scarcely seems to feel. It has also been found apparently to deaden, and even extinguish, all sensations of pain. There have been cases in which the coldest bodies have been described as feeling intensely hot, so that the impression of burning would seem to follow from the slightest touch. M. Marc describes a man who for many years had been in the habit of licking the bare walls of the apartment in which he lived, until he had actually worn away the plaster. The man himself accounted for this singular freak, by declaring that he had been tasting and smelling the most delicious and fragrant fruit.

Fanciful insanity, in its vivid succession of images, its rapid capacity of invention, and its aptitude to catch striking associations, occasionally presents some of the attributes of genius. Under its singular impulses, the naturally ingenious and acute have sometimes become astronomers without instruction, philosophers without thought, and poets by immediate inspiration. Among the ancients, monomaniacs frequently appeared as prophets and sibyls; and in the Dark Ages as wizards and witches, demoniacs and vampires. Men have, before now, gloried in assuming the attributes of Satan—

‘accursed of God and man.” Fear has constantly been the parent of insanity. During the reign of terror many people fancied they had been guillotined, and had acquired new heads, either by the special gift of Providence, or by exchange with others who had been decapitated like themselves. To a ludicrous instance of this nature, Tom Moore alludes in his “Fudge Family in Paris:”

“Went to the madhouse, saw the man,
Who thinks, poor wretch, that when the Fiend
Of discord here full riot ran,
He like the rest was guillotined;
But that when under Boney’s reign
(A more discreet though quite as strong one),
The heads were all restored again,
He in the scramble got a *wrong one*!
Accordingly he still cries out,
This strange head fits him most unpleasantly;
And always runs, poor devil, about,
Inquiring for his own incessantly.”

In modern times we have had self-asserted royal pretenders and royal personages victims of vain or self-important insanity, who, carrying straws in their hands, fancied that they were seeptrés, and that they swayed the world. These cases have appeared in great numbers. When Louis XVI was beheaded, the hospitals of Paris were crowded with dauphins destined to succeed him on the throne; and the mournful fate of the Duc d’En-

ghien immediately produced many aspiring impersonators. The military successes of Napoleon I stimulated ambitious insanity in many men who had been his soldiers. These, in their cells at the Bicêtre, proclaimed themselves emperors.

It is certain that our lunatic asylums contain many unfortunate persons laboring under delusions produced by overwrought credulity, and the errant flights of an ill-regulated fancy, misguided by “spirit media,” professional and amateur, honest and dishonest. It may be worth consideration at this time, whether it is not quite as rational in a man to believe himself made of glass, or to be firmly convinced of his having assumed the shape and substance of a pipkin, or a teapot, or a goose-pie, as to derive his convictions of the immortality of the soul from wretchedly indifferent juggling under a table and cover in a dark room; or to believe that the spirits of the departed and beloved who have passed through the awful change that wrung the hearts of us, the bereaved survivors, when we looked upon it in its terrible solemnity, can be recalled out of eternity, at so much a head, by showmen.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

TRAVELS IN EUROPE AND THE HOLY LAND. By Rev. Eugene Vetromile, D D. 2 vols. in one. New York and Montreal: D. & J. Sadlier. Received from Eugene Cummiskey, Phila.

In the good old days of our grandfathers—those times of unimpeachable virtue to which we are all so fond of referring—books of travel formed the staple of reading and the surest source of profit to publishers; and when these interesting details were presented with the extraneous recommendation of an elegant diction, we can easily understand the causes of popularity, among our stay-at-home ancestors, of such works as the *Letters of Lady Montagu*, or *Eustace's Travels*. Many of our readers can remember the enthusiasm which greeted, but a few years since, *The Attaché in Madrid*, a book the popularity of which has not yet declined.

This state of things, however, was before the period when steam communication had offered those facilities for travelling of which all classes now so eagerly avail themselves; and, as people prefer seeing things to reading of them, especially when books are so numerous and life too short to devote our time to reading but of that which we cannot see, we begin to comprehend why it is that only such books of travel as are of unexceptional excellence will repay the cost of publication. Even those beautiful works of Lady Herbert—*Cradle Lands* and *Impressions of Spain*—owe their comparative popularity less, we suspect, to their own intrinsic merits, than to the prestige of the authoress's name and the numerous elegant woodcuts by which they are illustrated. Still travellers, even when they have beheld things with their own eyes, sometimes like to repeat, as far as possible, the pleasure by reading of what they have seen; or, if they are merely contemplating travel, of what they propose to see, especially that por-

tion of the community who do not *look at so much and see so little*. Here is just where a difficulty comes in. It is undeniable that a very large portion of the thousands who annually "*do Europe*," are representatives of an inflated order of aristocracy, representing wealth only; their sudden rise to the golden dust-mounds has left them no time for mental cultivation. The situation is painful in its results, perhaps, to themselves,—certainly ludicrous to their more refined neighbors; and, what is worse, baneful to the cause of truth, by the mongrel ideas crammed into their unprepared brains, if they have any; and which they, with all the zeal of untutored novices, sedulously disseminate. How many such persons are practically the wiser for the pains of their journey?

The female portion will, it is true, devote a whole year after returning to details of the Paris fashions, while the males will tell you, in a quiet corner, of the indecent glories of the "*Mabille*:" beyond this, alas! nothing, except scraps of trashy conversation about "*the horrors of Rome*," "*Corruptions of the Church*," "*immoralities of the Cardinals*," and similar popular lies drawn from Protestant guide-books, (*1*) cunning couriers; *who know their people*, or the saloons of the Piazza di Spagna.

Even educated people, nowadays, seldom rise to the social honor of a presentation at court, which used to be a great feature of a foreign tour, in the days before royalty had become so liberal of its presence, or the more intellectual enjoyment of listening to a debate in Parliament.

Another difficulty presents itself to our minds. The genius and spirit of foreign life, manners, institutions, art, science, literature, and religion, is pre-eminently Catholic; even where heresy has dimmed its brilliancy, or crippled its power, Catholicity has been, for centuries, the soul

of everything European; yet, what has faith in common with Protestant ignorance and bigotry? which, in the person of the general run of English and American tourists, stand off and regard it and its works like the inhabitants of Lilliput inspecting a Gulliver, and with about as much comprehensive appreciation of its true grandeur, and thus what to the cultivated Catholic would be the source of a most intense pleasure, and the theme of a heaven-born inspiration, is to them a *terra incognita*.

Now, it is confessedly for the purpose of removing the miserable impressions received and disseminated by such people, that the author has written this book, and it is not too much to say that our sense of satisfaction is fully gratified by the result of his labors.

Fr. Vetromile is a highly educated gentleman, a member of several learned societies; among others, the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of our own city, and for many years apostolic missionary among the Indians of Maine and Lower Canada. We would scarcely expect, from one who had devoted his best years to such a calling, so fine a literary work as this; but the intellectual and cheery face, peering out from the heavy Canadian fur wrappers, puts us at ease at once on opening the book, and fully prepares us for the charming narrative, running along in its gossipy, though by no means inelegant, style. Though somewhat hurried in description, if we may use the expression, yet it serves as a complete book-tour through Europe, with the additional advantage of taking us, in the second volume, through the Eastern lands comparatively little frequented by the mass of continental visitors. The description of life, manners, customs, incidents of travel, natural and artificial beauties in Europe, Egypt, Arabia Petree, Palestine, and Syria, are given with a brilliant, yet "at-home" like grace, which leaves the reader, as he closes the book, suffused with a feeling of exhilarating freshness akin to that resulting from actual travel.

We regret that the reverend author should have overlooked two countries of Europe rapidly growing into merited

favor with the travelling public,—Russia and Spain. We likewise regret that our limits will not permit us to give a better insight to the book by laying before our readers some extracts therefrom; though where the whole work is so meritorious selection would be difficult. We have an impression, however, that few passages will meet with greater favor from readers than the author's ludicrous description of his adventures in an Irish jaunting car; those who have had similar experience will appreciate the fun, while others cannot fail to be at least amused. In a word, we consider this one of the best books of its kind, and, predicting for it deserved success, must conclude by congratulating the author that the labors of his pen have been so ably seconded by the efforts of the publishers, who have displayed an unusual degree of taste in the printing, binding, and all that strictly belongs to their province.

LEGENDS OF ST. JOSEPH. Pp. 340. New York: D. & J. Sadlier. Received from Eugene Cumiskey, Phila.

Mrs. Sadlier, whose life-long literary labors have made the Catholic public so deeply her debtor, has added, by the translation of this little work, to their obligation of gratitude; all the greater, because the theme is, in the present instance, so near to the heart of every devout child of the Church.

Spiritual writers have not failed to notice the peculiar characteristics of the devotion to St. Joseph. For nearly seventeen centuries its seed lay apparently unproductive, then suddenly took root, and was reared, like a rare exotic, in peaceful conventional shades, till it has, by a special privilege for us, been transplanted in our day over the entire world; verifying the beautiful words of the saints' office, adapted from the Old Testament: "*Joseph is a growing bough, a growing bough and comely to behold; the branches have run to and fro upon the wall.*"

This is a subject pregnant with wonderful revelations to the meditative mind, for this "*growing bough*" is not a mere excrescence in the Church's garden, but a plant whose roots have forced a gradual

passage downward, through the upper soil of private devotion, till the tendrils have engrafted themselves in the foundation rock of the Church. That rock, Peter, in the person of Pius IX, has, with his characteristic angelic policy, given the crowning glory to this wondrous growth by the recent decree of the Patronage of St. Joseph over the universal Church; that the delicate branches of this vine upon the wall may, like the ivy, protect the house of God from the storms and tempests that the powers of evil have raised against it.

It was a happy thought, then, worthy of a daughter of Catholic Canada—St. Joseph's land—to meet the requirements of the present devout enthusiasm for St. Joseph, by giving to English-reading Catholics this compilation of the best known legends concerning the gentle foster-father of Jesus. Many of them have been embalmed, through centuries of faith, in the traditional lore of Catholic lands. Of course the book does not, and from its very nature cannot, lay claim to much originality, yet there are many of its pages which will not fail to diffuse the charm of novelty. The little poem on Church Windows is particularly pleasing, and brought appropriately to our mind the emotions we felt, some time since, in gazing upon the magnificent windows over the high altar of St. Joseph's cathedral at Buffalo, the finest painted windows in the world, if we may credit their history as told by the people of that city. Altogether, this work should prove highly popular, its comparative brevity causing it to be easily read by older persons, whose occupations would preclude them from taking up a more elaborate volume; while the attractive binding and interesting contents will make it a favorite with the little ones, thus gently sowing in the hearts of the rising generation the germs of a growing and fruitful devotion towards the great saint it honors.

SKETCHES OF THE ESTABLISHMENT OF
THE CHURCH IN NEW ENGLAND.
Pp. 346. Boston: P. Donahoe; 1872.

The wonderful growth of the Church in the United States is nowhere better

exemplified than on what is generally considered the *uncongenial* soil of New England. Yet there is no people better fitted to receive and practice the doctrines of the Catholic faith than the hardy race of deep thinkers which inhabits our Eastern States; hence, perhaps, the astonishing progress that it has made among them, the only real obstacle to its advance being prejudice, than which nothing withers quicker before the strong sunlight of truth. Hatred alone can resist, for any length of time, the efforts of divine grace; and happily for the New Englanders the hatred of colonial days is yielding its ground foot by foot. The faith once accepted by this naturally talented and highly cultivated people, they will, from their very natural characteristics, retain the precious treasure with a pertinacity, second only perhaps to that of the children of the "Isle of Saints."

Neither does any section of the Union furnish a richer mine of church history. From the days of Eric, Bishop of Gardar, who with his band of Norwegian missionaries made the praises of God resound from the very spot where now the magnificent church of "Our Lady of Isle" serves as a noble Gothic throne for the sculptured form of the Madonna of Newport, as she keeps her vigil over the clustering islands and deeps of Narragansett Bay; or from later times, when Drouillettes braved the Puritan preacher in his chosen strongholds at Boston and Plymouth; when Kale was offered as a victim of Puritan fury, in his own faith-conquered colony at Norridgewock, down to our favored days, when a Baptist taught his Abnaki converts amid the pine forests of Maine; and a Cheverus, a Matignon, a Fenwick, a Fitzpatrick, and a McElroy, walked the entire land as peaceful conquerors, rearing splendid temples, building Christian schools, and placing the whole country under the gentle subjection of the cross.

Long before the great Genoese navigator, with his high-blooded *Hidalgos* and Dominican missionaries had claimed for Christ the flowery tropics, New England had submitted to the sweet

rule of faith; and though through many vicissitudes she lost and regained it, it is now inalienably her trial-bought heritage.

Father Fitton, well known throughout Massachusetts, has partly, by laying under contribution the works of several standard authors, partly by means of valuable newspaper clippings, the collection of many years; and, finally, by the original thoughts flowing from his own excellent pen, has compiled a succinct and valuable account of the establishment, rise, and progress of the Church throughout New England. Each period thereof has received due attention. It should be the pleasure, as it certainly is the duty—too often, alas, neglected—of every American Catholic, to read, or at least keep by him for easy reference, such books as this: love of country, of Church, not to speak of an honorable personal pride in being well informed in such works, should induce to their perusal.

The volume before us is neatly printed on tinted paper, and finely bound. It is illustrated by several woodcuts, including portraits of the distinguished Bishops of Boston, and also one of gentle Dr. Matignon. These, however valuable as portraits, do not deserve much commendation in an artistic sense, the coarseness of their execution rather detracting from the general neat appearance of the book.

NEWELL & CREERY'S SERIES OF READERS.

THE PRIMARY SPELLING BOOK.

THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL SPELLING BOOK.

By Prof. Creery.

CATECHISM OF THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co.

We have carefully examined these va-

rious school books, compiled by Prof. Creery, the Superintendent of Public Instruction in Baltimore, and we think they are admirably adapted for their specific educational purposes. The Readers, in particular, are excellently graded and arranged.

This, we believe, is the first complete series of Readers ever issued in Baltimore; and we certainly must congratulate the publishers on the able beginning they have made. The selections we consider excellent, not alone on account of the absence of any sectional or sectarian bias, but because of their general high tone and the variety of subjects and styles of literature represented. The mechanical get-up of the series is good, with the exception of the Sixth Reader, which seems to be poorly printed and carelessly bound. The contents, however, being satisfactory, we can pass over this defect for the present, in the hope of its being remedied in future editions.

GOING HOME. A Catholic Novel. By Eliza Martin. Philadelphia: 1872. Eugene Cummiskey.

This interesting tale, written by an accomplished lady, well-known to many of the readers of the *Record*, will, no doubt, be read with much pleasure. The story is told in a clear, pleasant style, and embodies many exciting incidents and "situations," as the dramatic critic would say, which gives to it many of the attractions of the popular novel of the day without any of its evils. The plot is too intricate for us to attempt to give even an outline of it, nor would we wish to spoil in advance the interest of the reader. Such of our readers as may be inclined to purchase a copy of this excellent novel will, we can assure them, feel amply repaid after having perused it.

